This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

G. A. Gen top.
8° 249

Gen. Top. 8° 249

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MAN, THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD.

A DISCOURSE.

ALSO,

NOTES

OF A VISIT TO THE NORTH.

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF

RAMBLES AMONG MOORS AND MOUNTAINS, MINES AND WATERFALLS.

BY

THOMAS GREENBURY,

PRIMITIVE METHODIST MINISTER.

"O WHAT A MIRACLE TO MAN IS MAN!"

"What a chimera is man! what a surprising novelty! what a confused chaos! what a subject of contradictions! what a professed judge of all things, and yet a feeble worm of the earth; the great depositor and guardian of truth, and yet a huddle of uncertainties; the glory and scandal of the universe!"—PASCAL.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:

THICKBROOM BROS., 31, PATERNOSTER ROW;

R. DAVIES, SUTTON-ST., COMMERCIAL ROAD.

HULL: WILLIAM TESSEYMAN, SILVER STREET;

AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1860.

Gough Adds Gen: Top:
8° 249.

Digitized by Google

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

Digitized by Google

PREFACE.

But few words will suffice to introduce this little volume to the reader. With respect to the "discourse," the substance of it was delivered to a crowded audience at St. John's, Weardale; since which time it has been considerably enlarged and elaborated. Its delivery from the pulpit has been owned by God to the salvation of immortal souls; and the author humbly hopes that Jehovah's blessing will now accompany the printed page, as it did the living voice.

As to the "Notes," they contain the history of their own composition.

The author takes this opportunity of tendering his warmest thanks to his intelligent friends, the Rev. James Dawson, and the Rev. C. C. M'Kechnie, for their kindness in examining the manuscript previous to its going to press.

It is with a degree of diffidence that the author sends forth this little work into the world; if, however, its readers be induced, by its perusal, to admire more ardently *the beauties of nature*, and thence to adore more fervently *the God of Nature*, his object will be accomplished,—his labours will not have been in vain.

THOMAS GREENBURY.

17, *Prospect-place, Drypool,*
Hull, June, 1859.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

MAN, THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD.

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; What is man that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man that thou visitest him?—Psalm viii. 3, 4.

David was evidently a man of majestic mind. If he could not fully comprehend the problems which modern science has solved, still he was no stranger to that knowledge which at once elevates and humbles: he was no stranger to himself; he was no stranger to his God. This must be admitted, so long as those sacred poems remain which emanated from his mind. In diversified strains of holy sweetness, they convey to our hearts the most delightful lessons. The fervent, deep-toned piety of the Psalms cannot be accounted for, except on the theory of a peculiar inspiration. Like the needle seeking the pole, or the anxious eyes of a loving child seeking the smiles of a father's countenance, did the mind of Israel's royal minstrel turn towards heaven. See him where we may, in the cave surrounded by lion-faced men, on the mountain brow, hunted like a frighted partridge, or in the security of his own palaces, still his mind turns towards heaven. If we see him crest-fallen after a defeat, or elated after a triumph, still his mind turns towards heaven. If we see

Digitized by Google

him wandering in the wild desert, or seated on the monarch's throne; if we see him prostrate on the dust, smiting on his guilty bosom, or arrayed in his royal robes, swaying his kingly sceptre, still his mind turns towards heaven. If we see him battling with the savage bear, or grappling with the growling lion; if we see him seated on the green sward, amid his fleecy flocks, or going forth with his simple sling to fight the mail-clad giant; if we see him wielding the bloody battle-axe, or sweeping the strings of his melodious harp, still his mind instinctively turns towards heaven. Hence it is that his sacred songs are so exquisitely adapted to the condition of every saint, in every age, in every circumstance, and in every clime. They have wiped away the widow's tears, relieved the orphan's sorrows, comforted the mourner, soothed the penitent, cheered the soul of hoary age, gladdened the spirit of buoyant youth, and have trembled on the martyr's fire-scorched lips as his spirit has burst from its flame-shroud and soared to glory!

Beautiful, heavenly, holy strains! They have rolled down from age; firing the souls of lofty poets, sweetning the lips of lovely children, smoothing the pillows of dying saints, and uniting in one the hearts and voices of worshipping thousands! And still they seem as fresh, as sweet, as lovely, as powerful as ever; yea, accomplishing even mightier triumphs than when first chanted!

We have selected a sublime passage from one of those peerless poems for our contemplation:

Digitized by Google

—"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" Now, the meaning of the Psalmist is inexplicable, unless we admit that he knew something of the real magnitude of the starry globes. If he only viewed them as a multitude of brilliant spangles glittering on the black brow of night; or as a host of sparkling studs decking her azure robe, what was there in them so to have dwarfed this world with its countless inhabitants? But we believe that a glimpse of the starry scheme burst like a revelation upon his soul; and considering at once the immense magnitude of those rolling worlds, with their harmony, order, and beauty, he exclaimed in astonishment, "*When I consider thy heavens, what is man?*" This was his *first* impression; but it speedily yielded to a more correct view of the peerless dignity of man, for he exclaimed, "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet."

But the mind of the royal minstrel soared *above* the starry heavens, to the "*heaven* of *heavens*;" to the gorgeous palace of God's immediate presence; and as he thought of all the brilliant worlds that rolled and blazed between him and the throne to which he looked, he was wrapt in an extacy of astonishment, that God should be mindful of, or visit poor, feeble, guilty man.

Digitized by Google

Ah! well might the Psalmist's soul be filled with amazement. "*Heaven is God's throne, earth is his footstool;*" magnificence is enthroned on the one, insignificance is stamped on the other; majestic power resides above, in burning suns, blazing comets, lurid lightnings, roaring thunders, crashing storms, and gleaming stars. Passive weakness, feebleness, and helplessness, creep and cower, shiver and tremble below. "The one is a place, nay, a fountain of glory, from which angels glide, and Deity himself at times descends: the other is a tomb, an aceldama, a golgotha; and yet, though the one, in *comparison* with the other, be so grovelling and mean, taken in *connexion* with the other, it catches and reflects a certain degree of glory. It has no light in itself, but the sun condescends to shine upon it, to gild its streams and to touch its mountains, as with the finger of God. It is a *footstool*, but it is *God's* footstool; it is a *tomb*, but a tomb *set in the blue of heaven*. It is not the habitation of demons, or angels, or God; but *angels* rest their feet upon its hills, *demons* walk too and fro through its wastes, and *God* has been heard at times in its groves and gardens;"* and although invisible, he still condescends to visit its guilty inhabitants and bless them with his presence. Whilst guiding the stars in their courses, whirling the planets in their spheres, and feeding the fire of the sun, he is mindful of poor, puny, polluted man!

The text furnishes us with the following sub-

* Gilfillan.

Digitized by Google

jects for our meditation:—First, the sublime scenery to which the Psalmist here adverts,—"When I consider thy heavens," &c.; secondly, the important question which the Psalmist here proposes,—"What is man?" and, thirdly, the pleasing fact which the Psalmist here affirms,—"Thou art mindful of him," &c.

I. THE SUBLIME SCENERY TO WHICH THE PSALMIST HERE ADVERTS.—"When I consider," &c.

Creation is a medium through which we may look at its great and glorious Author; it is an elegant and curiously-figured veil, through which we may dimly perceive the Divine perfections. All created things speak to us of God: "For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead," Rom. i. 20. The magnificence of sunset is succeeded by another scene, as sublime and glorious, if not as gorgeous. When the fiery orb of day has set in the western sky—gone to his rest, "like a king upon a couch of gold;" ere the last lingering ray retires, evening, glittering with heaven's rich jewellery approaches; and night, wearing her sparkling diadem of planets and of stars, takes her allotted place in the earth's revolution; while in lucid lovliness the "Queen of night" moves amid the starry host, robed in beaming but borrowed silver. No scene is calculated to produce such deep impressions upon the heart, elevating yet most gentle. How delightful at the midnight hour to steal away from the haunts of men, and,

Digitized by Google

seated on some mossy bank or flower-decked knoll, undisturbed by the noisy bustle of the world, to gaze on those glorious sparklers. As we survey the azure arch, glowing with living fires, we may kindle the flame of devotion at those celestial altars, and beneath their brightness offer praise to God. The heavens form God's great album, in which we may read sublime paragraphs of heavenly wisdom; the suns are the flaming syllables, and the stars are the golden letters by which he registers his name and exhibits "his handiwork."

"*The Stars!*"—What brightness and beauty, majesty and mystery are implied in the name; "they are," says one, "the first objects next to the faces of relatives and the sun, which attract the eyes of children, who send up their sweetest smiles, and uplift their tiny hands as if to pluck down those bright orbs for playthings."

"*The Stars!*"—They are loved by lonely shepherds, who as they watch their bleating flocks by the light of those distant lamps, cannot but admire them in their glistening beauty.

"*The Stars!*"—they are precious to the weather-beaten mariner, for as his frail bark is tossed on the billows, and he listens with alarm to the creaking timbers and the howling storm, many an anxious glance does he cast to those glorious sparklers.

"*The Stars!*"—they enrapture the astronomer, for he holds pleasing converse with them through the medium of his telescope, watches their motions and learns their peculiar laws.

"*The Stars!*"—They are dear to the poet, for

Digitized by Google

he kindles his spirit at their watch-fires, and snatches many a live coal of inspiration from their burning altars.

"*The Stars!*"—they are soothing to the sorrowful, for as they shed their golden gleam through the cottage lattice, or the garden bower, the pale mourner feels as if they sympathised with her in her sadness.

"*The Stars!*"—Their flashing beauty charms the christian, for he sees in them the work of his Father's hands, and also remembers the service one of them rendered to the "wise men of the east," when its directing beam guided their feet to where the infant Saviour lay.

"*The Stars!*"—"They are admired by all who have eyes to see, understandings to comprehend, and souls to feel their grandeur so unspeakable, their silence so profound, their separation so entire, their multitude so immense, their order so regular, their lustre so brilliant, their forms so singular, and their motions so majestic and calm." Who can gaze on the silvery sheen of this star-lighted dome, and not sympathise with the poet as he sings—

"'Tis midnight on the mountains brown,
The cold, round moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright;
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining?
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?"

The thoughtful observer of the fixed stars is struck with their immense and almost immea-

Digitized by Google

surable distance. We all know that every visible object appears less in magnitude as it recedes from the eye. The stately vessel, with all her sails unfurled to the breeze, is a noble object as she glides away from the pier; we watch her as she proudly breasts the wave; away, away she glides, until at length she appears but a dim speck on the verge of the horizon: that vessel is no less, she only appears so. The eagle, with its glorious plumage and outstretched pinions, is a noble object as it floats above us; but it soars up, and up, dips its wing in the blue of heaven, bathes in the beams of the noonday sun, and at length appears but a dim, dark spot on the blue vault above: that eagle is no less, it only appears so. Just so the twinkling stars appear small to us only because of their immense distance. "When we speak of hundreds of millions of miles it is not to be listened to as incredible," for we are talking of those rolling masses of flame, which are scattered over the immensity of space, and that space has no bound, no limit, no termination.

"Examine the scale on which the universe is built," says the eloquent Mitchell, "comprehend, if you can, the vast dimensions of our sun. Stretch outward, from planet to planet, and circumscribe the whole within the immense circumference of Neptune's orbit. This is but a single unit out of the myriads of similar systems. Take the wings of light, and flash with impetuous speed, day and night, and month and year, till youth shall wear away, and the middle age is gone, and the utmost limit of human life has been attained; count every pulse, and at each

Digitized by Google

speed on your way a hundred thousand miles; and when a hundred years have rolled by, look out, and behold the thronging millions of blazing suns are still around you, each separated from the other by such a distance, that in this journey of a century you have only left half-a-score behind you." How astounding! What ponderous masses of matter! What gigantic globes of light! And yet the Psalmist says they are "the work of God's *fingers!*" What a mighty *hand*, to make, move, and launch those ponderous globes! Would you form a faint idea of God's infinite power? Then weigh this world of ours: count all the busy beings that ever breathed upon its surface, unite their strength into one single individual, and let this mighty million-armed man attempt to move the world; he could not stir it a single inch in a thousand years, and yet God has hurled it from his hand, and it is flying at the fearful rate of a thousand miles every minute! And this is but a mere atom, a faint speck, amidst his immense mass of rolling worlds.

Seated on his sapphire throne, "high and lifted up," and girdled by the glorified, he sees, at a glance, every lamp that he has lighted; at his bidding, those ever-burning flames fly onward with flashing beauty in their appointed courses. His majestic arm guides the millions of blazing suns, and around his throne circles the sweeping constellations of countless systems; "all is perfect and harmonious, and the music of the spheres that burn and roll around our sun is echoed by that of ten millions of moving worlds,

Digitized by Google

that sing and shine around the bright suns that reign above."* If overwhelmed with the grandeur and majesty of God's gorgeous universe, we are led to exclaim with the poet-king, "When I consider thy heavens,—what is man? If fearful that the eye of God may overlook us in the immensity of his kingdom, we have only to call to mind that precious passage connected with the text, and at once our fears will be hushed, viz.: "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet!"

II. THE IMPORTANT QUESTION WHICH THE PSALMIST HERE PROPOSES.—"What is man?"

"From whence did he come?" says one writer, "Is he a creature formed by a casual combination of atoms? Is he a being brought into existence through the energy of the elements? Did he spring into being with the light? Or did he burst into existenee from the ideal energy of nothing? Alas! how vain, how blind is reason, when she resorts to such fallacies for an answer to the question. Man has his origin, not with atoms, but with the God of atoms; not with the elements, but with the God of elements; not with light, but with the God of light; not with angels but with the God of angels; not with the gods, but with the God of gods. Man is the workmanship of God himself. He who made angels

* Mitchell.

Digitized by Google

and elements, light and being, made man also, with all those faculties, powers, and capabilities with which you see him endowed."*

"What is man?"

1. *Man is a wonderful being.*

Hence, says the Psalmist, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made." He turns his eyes from the starry canopy, and gazes in astonishment at himself; at his own frame, so "fearfully and wonderfully made:" and what the Psalmist then uttered, modern science has more fully established. It is, indeed, impossible to contemplate this admirable and beautiful temple of the deathless spirit, without awakened wonder. It is one of the finest pieces of mechanism which can possibly be contemplated. "In beauty, in symmetry, in the harmony and proportion of all its parts and functions, it is superior to the organical structures of all the other ranks of sensitive existence." Every part is so peculiarly constructed, and so wonderfully fitted for the important function the great Creator designed it to perform, that it contributes to the beauty and perfection of the whole.

Look at that majestic brow,—"the dome of thought—the palace of the soul:" how richly carved! How exquisitely formed! How noble in appearance!

Look at the eye,—that crystal window of light: how complicated, and yet how simple! By a formation peculiar so itself, it is at once a microscope and a telescope; capable of seeing

* Blacklock.

Digitized by Google

the most minute and the most distant things. How perfectly is it fitted for the reception of the rays of light which stream upon it in all directions; how easily do they glide through the pupil; how distinct, beautiful, and perfect is the picture painted upon the retina.

Look at the ear,—displaying its exquisite workmanship, and appearing as though it were chiselled out of solid bone. How delicate are its cavities! How beautifully they are formed for the reception and increase of sound! "How accurately does the drum in the centre respond to the undulations without," until the soul is often filled as with the sweetest music.

Look at the arm,—forming the most convenient of levers; strictly adjusted for its work, and adorned with a hand capable of the greatest dexterity and cunning.

Look at the bones,—forming the pillars and rafters of the human body, and thus rendering it capable of exertion and locomotion.

Look at the spine,—it is the canal of vitality; and yet the bones will twist and turn upon their socket to almost any position, without incurring the slightest risk of life; thus showing it to be a complicated machine, and of the most elaborate kind.

Look at the neck,—its various bones and joints encase a substance so delicate that the prick of a pin would destroy life; and yet it is constructed so as to be capable of bearing several hundred pounds' weight, while the head may be turned about with perfect ease and safety.

Look at the joints,—the hinge where it is

Digitized by Google

wanted; the ball and socket where man's comfort demand them; and lubricated, or smoothed, by ever-flowing oil, and working with faultless accuracy.

Look at the muscles,—invested with that peculiar power of contraction by which the individual may move the various parts of his body with perfect ease and pleasure.

Look at the blood,—a crimson current constantly flowing through every part of the human frame. In one stage of its journey it is supplied with pure air; in another stage, it is furnished with nutriment; and thus it conveys the elements of life to every part of the system; "driven from the heart by one set of vessels, and restored to it by another; those vessels most artificially supplied with valves to prevent the backward motion of the fluid;" while in the centre of the system the pump is constantly in motion, and makes from ninety to a hundred thousand strokes in a day, without ever murmuring or growing weary.

Well, then, might the astonished monarch exclaim, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

"What is man?"

2. *He is an intelligent being.*

As such, he is nature's king—the world's monarch. Compared with God, he is an insignificant worm; yet in himself he is a noble being; possessing majestic powers. See the scholar in the achievements of learning—the sculptor, in his beautiful works of art—the painter, in his breathing canvas—the architect,

Digitized by Google

in his noble designs—the philosopher, in the depth of his researches—the astronomer, in his sublime discoveries—the poet, in the splendor of his imagination. Observe all the astonishing faculties of man's mind; his powers of reasoning; his strength of judgment; his versatile imagination; and his grasp of memory. Having these powers, many have acquired a vast variety of sentiments and ideas; have cultivated the sciences, and made many astonishing discoveries. Hence the wonderful works that man has accomplished. By his peculiar skill, he has constructed a monstrous globe of silk, called a balloon; which, being inflated with gas, rises gracefully into the air with its living load; so that he can soar aloft, fearlessly surmount the clouds, and, unscathed look down upon the place where the lightnings gleam and the thunders roar. He has laid his hand on the wild mountain torrent, thundering down its rocky channel, and made it turn his ponderous millstones. See him again: he is standing yonder on the shore of the ever-sounding sea, listening to its unceasing chime, and watching the white-crested billows as they lash themselves into feathery foam. He longs to visit yon distant isle, where the palm tree waves its graceful plumes, and birds of jewelled lustre flash and flicker among gorgeous flowers; he now mounts the ocean wave, unfurls his fluttering canvas, and yokes the winds to his ocean-car: but should those wild steeds prove ungovernable, he then applies the power of steam, and onward he dashes in spite of wind and tide, the power he has ap-

Digitized by Google

plied laughs at the boisterous winds, and flings from its path the salt sea spray with glorious scorn. It is never weary, never murmurs, mighty as a giant, and yet obedient as a child. It toils amid summer's heat and winter's cold, by day and night, dancing like a thing of life on the placid deep, or struggling like a giant with the foaming surges. But man's ingenuity does not stop here. He has constructed the compass; and, directed by its magnetic needle, he can traverse, with confidence, that wide world of waters. By the aid of a few glass lenses, he can ascertain the exact position he occupies upon the mighty deep. Should the thunderstorm howl around his ocean home, and the red lightning burst upon his topmast, he can guide it down into the sea as easily as the mother guides her child.

But man's inventive genius has gone beyond this. The horse is a noble animal, but he is too slow in his motions for man, consequently, he has invented a huge moving monster, "with limbs of steel, sinews of brass, muscles of iron, bowels of fire," blood of boiling liquid, and breath of scorching vapor; the united strength of a hundred horses nerves his brazen sinews, and yet he can be curbed with the pressure of a finger; at length, a "burning goad" is applied, and with a shriek, a rattle, and a roar, away the monstrous creature thunders over the iron road, dragging a whole village after it, at the rate of forty or fifty miles in the hour. In Britain and Ireland alone, we have more than five thousand of those fleet and fiery monsters, thundering in

Digitized by Google

all directions across the country. In order to feed them, two million tons of coal and ten million tons of water are annually required; so that in every minute of time, four tons of coal flash into steam twenty tons of water. In order to make a level track for those monstrous steeds, there are more rails laid than would suffice to make a belt of iron to girdle the globe.

Then, as if this were not sufficient for mighty man, we have something more startling still in the wondrous whispering wire. Not satisfied with the ordinary means of communication, he has invented the electric telegraph, and with the speed of the lightning's flash, he now transmits his messages. In short, he has laid his bold hand on the lightning, and made it his messenger and postman. During the late war, I copied a striking paragraph on this subject from the pen of a powerful writer: he says, "A thin wire traversing our stormy channel, continuous through the vast states of France, Germany, and Turkey diving beneath the waves of the broad Euxine, and climbing the tall cliffs three thousand miles away from home, enables us at this moment to hold almost instant converse with our distant armies." And what is still more startling, they are at the present time engaged in binding England and America together with those wondrous metal threads. So that, by and bye, we shall have messages every hour flashing with nearly lightning's swiftness between New York and London, under one of the stormiest seas in the world!

Digitized by Google

"World! what a wonder is this.
Grandly and simply sublime,
All the Atlantic abyss
Leapt in a nothing of time!
Even the steeds of the sun,
Half a day panting behind,
In the first race that is run,
Won by a flash of the mind!
Lo, on this sensitive link,
—It is one link, not a chain—
Man to his brother can think,
Spurning the breadth of the main;
Man to his brother can speak,
Swift as a bolt from a cloud,
And where its thunders were weak,
There his least whisper is loud!
Yes, for as Providence wills,
Now doth intelligent man
Conquer material ills,
Wrestling them down as he can,
And by one weak little coil
Under the width of the waves.
Distance and time are his spoil—
Fetter'd as Caliban slaves! *

The rapidity with which change follows change is astounding; we live in a whirlwind of excitement; new wonders are flashing upon us almost every day. Already "a *pound* of coals and a *pint* of water will do the day's-work of a sturdy man." Indeed the work of fifty years is now crowded into as many hours. A *block of wood* may now be transformed into *paper*; it is boiled in a certain solution, undergoes a chemical process, is then beaten for an hour and a half in the ordinary beating engine, made into pulp, then into paper, and actually printed on, *all within*

* Martin F. Tupper.

Digitized by Google

twenty-four hours! Now a limb may be amputated, a tooth extracted, or a breast taken off; and at the close of the operation the patient asks in amazement if they have begun. Orations delivered at midnight, are caught as they fall from the speaker's lips, printed while we are asleep, and early the following morning, they are ready for our perusal. The sacred volume is now translated into 170 different languages; and within the last half century more than forty-three million copies have been printed and circulated in various parts of the globe. In sixty minutes, fifteen thousand newspapers are printed; or, in other words, more than thirty-five hundred-weight of paper is printed, on both sides of the sheet, in the short space of *one hour!* What a mighty being is *man!* How astonishing his achievements!

By the magic power of his mighty mind, he has surveyed this great globe of ours, in all its varieties of land and water, continents, islands, and oceans; he has determined its size, its weight, its figure, its motions; explored its secret recesses, and dived down to the bottom of its seas. Indeed, he has, to some extent, treated it as the schoolboy treated his ball, turned it inside out to ascertain its contents. He has reared many a noble city, adorned with lofty columns, towering monuments, gorgeous palaces, and majestic temples; whose glories now gleam in the sunlight, where there was once nothing but a vast desert, a foul morass, or a putrid marsh. By his skill he has extracted an invisible and inflammable substance from a black mineral, and by its clear

Digitized by Google

steady flame, he has brilliantly illuminated his splendid and populous cities.

But this world has been too small for his exertions. As we have already seen, he can launch away to the spangled firmament in noble sallies of thought; by the aid of powerful instruments, he can soar as on eagle's pinions, sweep the vast black dome of heaven, weigh its planets, count its suns, and group and catalogue its stars. All those noble achievements attest the fact, that man is *an intelligent being*, endowed with mighty, marvellous, majestic powers! The poet felt this when he penned the following lines:—

"Go, wond'rous creature! mount where science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun."

"What is man?"

3. *Man is a spiritual being.*

That *must* be a *spiritual* being which is *conscious that it exists;* and yet cannot possibly be *divided into parts.* And certainly the mind of man possesses such attributes. Imagination, reflection, perception, prenotion, memory, reason, judgment, love, joy, anger, fear, jealousy, all these are neither *properties* nor *modifications* of *matter;* but they belong to *man's mind,* are natural to him, inherent in him; and as there cannot be a subsistance devoid of both matter and spirit, man *must* be a *spiritual* being.

"It is admitted by materialists," says Dr. Cumming, "that matter is infinitely divisible, or at least, that it is divisible into parts. Thus you

Digitized by Google

speak of a *foot* of deal, or an *inch* of oak, or a *yard* of rope, or of cable, or of chain. Now, if man's mind be *material*, the same as the body, as the materialist alleges, then it ought to be perfectly good sense and good grammar to speak of *an inch of anger*, of *a foot of jealousy*, or of *yards of passion;* the very statement of which so revolts all men's feelings, and seems so ridiculous, that it needs only to be mentioned to meet with the refutation it deserves." Having a spiritual nature, man is capable of constant thought, perpetual improvement in knowledge, of enjoying union with the Deity, a continual increase of happiness, and everlasting life. These give him a superiority over the brute creation, and render him morally responsible for all his ways. Hence it is declared that he must "appear before the judgement seat of Christ, to give an account of the deeds done in the body." "What is man?"

4. *Man is a guilty, depraved, and malicious being.*

By nature he walks erect, and lifts his forehead toward the stars. God crowned him lord of creation, invested him with glory and honor, and stamped upon his soul the Divine likeness. But alas! his sceptre is broken, the crown has fallen from his brow, and instead of the image of God, he now bears the dark impress of the devil. The Apostle draws a fearful picture of fallen man. He says, "Being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters,

Digitized by Google

haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful. * * * * They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips; whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; their feet are swift to shed blood; destruction and misery are in their ways; and the way of peace have they not known: there is no fear of God before their eyes."* This is a correct portrait of fallen man; here his moral state is faithfully and graphically described. Gaze around in the world, and you will be compelled to acknowledge that this is not the dream of a disordered fancy, or the reverie of a distracted mind. We appeal to matter of fact and common sense, to prove that this is no carricature, but a correct delineation of depraved humanity. Look east or west, north or south; contemplate human nature in the prowling savage, the blood-drinking cannibal, the ferocious islander, the degraded hottentot, the dwarfed Laplander, the down-trodden slave, the wandering Arab, the wild Tartar, and the polished European. Examine the haughty Turk, the bigotted Papist, the unbelieving Jew, or the enlightened Protestant; and in *all* you will discover the depraving influence of sin! Impiety,

* Romans i. 29-31; iii. 12-18.

Digitized by Google

profanity, falsehood, treachery, perjury, and drunkenness rear their hideous fronts, and thefts, robberies, and murders, follow in their train. Cain, Adam's first-born, let loose the foul and fiendish passions that raged in his bosom, and he reddened his hands with his own brother's life blood. And since the perpetration of that dark deed, this earth has been stained with the blood of murdered millions. The fountain of corruption has spouted forth its fetid streams and drenched humanity with misery. What scenes of horror, violence, and crime do the records of humanity furnish. To sketch the dismal character and depict the depravity of guilty, malicious man, with the deep dark lines and strong colorings of truth, "The painter," says Dr. Raffles, "should dip his pencil in the elements of vice and wretchedness, and become a student in the school of hell; how else shall he describe those schemes of villainy, those workings of revenge, those acts of treachery, those fires of lust, those sensual indulgences, those obscene and execrable rites, those cruel impositions and self-inflicted tortures which have contributed to render the earth like Sodom for pollution, and Golgotha for human blood; yet all this, and much more, must enter into the hideous composition in drawing the portrait of depraved humanity." In how many instances do envy, fraud, malice, deceit, violence, and cruelty mould man into a monster so hideous and horrible, that all traces of the Divine image appear to be entirely obliterated. Could we behold, at a glance, all the abominable and sicken-

Digitized by Google

ing scenes on which the eye of Deity gazes, we should shrink with horror, and readily admit that man is a depraved, a degraded, a guilty, and a malicious being. Could we see the pagan worshippers of Hindostan performing their execrable rites by their blood-crimsoned shrine—the gory wheels of Juggernaut ploughing their way amid crashing bones and dying screams—the helpless victims tortured and butchered to gratify the ferocity of some barbarous chief—the savage hordes of cruel cannibals, devouring human flesh. Could we behold the ferocious Indians mangling the bodies of their prisoners, and deriving a fiendish delight from their sufferings—the assassin, plunging his gleaming dagger into his neighbour's bosom—the midnight robber, entering the abodes of honest industry, strangling its inmates, and carrying off their treasures—the kidnapper, tearing the poor African from his wife and babes, and native land—the slaveholder, chaining, working, and whipping the helpless wretches that have fallen into his power; could we see the fiendish inquisitor, with iron hand and demon heart, enjoying the agony of his tortured victim—crowned tyrants and sceptred monsters, dooming the pious to dungeons, tortures, and the flames—the pirate, the wild rover of the seas, strewing the deck of his prize with shattered limbs, headless trunks, and purple gore—the fierce warrior, reddening the battlefield with blood, and climbing over human skulls to a throne; could we see the villainous black-leg fleecing his victim, and ruining his family—the bold blasphemer burning his Bible

Digitized by Google

and cursing his God—the scornful sceptic sporting with the most sacred truths—the daring atheist, fearlessly defying the Omnipotent—the polluted prostitute, revelling in mirth and wallowing in corruption—the degraded drunkard, destroying his reason and blighting his home—the sneaking slanderer, blackening the character and destroying the peace of his neighbour—the varnished hypocrite, with masked face and malicious heart; could we see all these, and the ten thousand "earthly, sensual, devilish" scenes which are daily presented to the pure eyes of a holy God, our souls would sicken at the sight, and we should readily admit that man is a guilty, degraded, depraved, and malicious being. In order to show that this language is not too strong, we appeal to facts, which are unanswerable arguments—facts which are blazoned with lurid lustre upon history's gloomy page. Take one that is apposite. "The king of the powerful country of Dahomi lives in a palace, the wall surrounding which is ornamented by a grim trellis-work of human skulls. When the erection of this horrid monument of barbarism, which is of modern date, had proceeded a considerable length, the architect reported to the king that he would be obliged to change the pattern, as he had not *skulls* enough to finish in the style in which he had begun. But the king simply ordered that a sufficient number of slaves should be killed to provide the requisite material."*

For further illustration, turn to the history of

* Rev. W. Arthur, A.M.

Digitized by Google

France. Read the records of the "*Bloody Revolution*" and the "*Bartholomew Massacre*," and if you are not made of iron, the hair of your flesh will stand on end. Every thing connected with the massacre of the protestants in France was attrocious and horrible; "feelings of the most sacred nature were annihilated; religious zeal was changed into an impious frenzy; and filial piety degenerated into sanguine fury. Under the direction of the Duke of Guise, the soldiers and the populace, *en masse*, at the signal of the tolling of a bell, flew to arms, seizing every weapon that presented itself; and then rushing in crowds to every quarter of the city of Paris. No sound was heard but the horrible cry, '*Kill the Hugeunots!*' Every one suspected of being a Calvinist, without any distinction of rank, age, or sex, was indiscriminately massacred. The air resounded with the horrid cries and blasphemous imprecations of the murderers, the piercing shrieks of the wounded, and the groans of the dying. Headless trunks were every instant precipitated from the windows into the court-yards and the streets; the gateways were choked up with the bodies of the dead and dying, and the streets presented a spectacle of mangled limbs, and of human bodies, dragged by their butchers in order to be thrown into the Seine. Palaces, hotels, and public buildings were reeking with blood; the image of death and desolation reigned on every side, and under the most hideous appearances; and in all quarters, carts were seen loaded with dead bodies, destined to be cast into the river, whose waters were for several days

Digitized by Google

sullied by tides of human gore. The infuriated assassins, urged on by the cry, that 'It was the king's will that the very last of this race of vipers should be crushed and killed,' became furious in the slaughter; in proof of which, one Cruce, a jeweller, displaying his naked and bloody arm, vaunted aloud that he had cut the throats of more than four hundred Hugeunots in one day. During this horrid period, every species of the most refined cruelty became exhausted; the weakness of infancy proved no impediment to the impulse of ferocity; children of ten years, exercising their first homicidal deed, were seen committing the most barbarous acts, and cutting the throats of infants in their swadling clothes! The number of victims thus slaughtered in the city of Paris amounted to above six thousand; and in the provinces at the same time, there perished about sixty thousand; and what is still more, skocking, the news of this massacre was welcomed at Rome with the most lively transports of joy. Cannons were fired, bonfires were kindled, and a solemn mass was celebrated, at which Pope Gregory XIII assisted, with all the splendour which that court is accustomed to display on events of the most glorious and important consequences."* Oh, what a demon-like being is man, unchecked by Divine grace! How base, how blood-thirsty! But if you wish to see him in his foulest aspect, arrayed in his darkest colours, you must read the records of the French Revolution—read the memoirs of

* Dr. Dick.

Digitized by Google

such men as Marat, Robespierre, Danton, and Desmonlins—aye, read until your cheek is blanched with horror, and your heart bleeds with pity. Aye, read, and as the blood creeps coldly through your veins, you will be ready to blush that you are a man!

At the commencement of the Revolution, the National Assembly of France impiously denied the existence of God, burnt the Bible, abolished the Sabbath, and established the decade. Marriage was derided; prostitution was deemed innocent, womanly, and natural. And what was the result of all this? Horrible in the extreme! It transformed the most polished nation in Europe into a nation of *fiends* and *furies*, and the theatre of voluptuous refinement into a stall of blood. Public massacres which began at the ratio of five per day, rose to a thousand. With the ferocity of famished tigers, they fastened on each others throats, and in ten years they shed the life-blood of no less than three millions of human beings. Thus, upon an average, eight hundred and twenty-four rational beings were cruelly butchered every day for ten years! What an awful picture! and what a response to the question, "What is man!"

In the language of the eloquent Gough, "We might almost call upon the tomb to break forth. Ye mouldering victims, wipe the grave-dust crumbling from your brow, stalk forth in your tattered shrouds and bony whiteness, and bear your testimony to the truth! Crawl from your slimy ooze ye drowned drunkards, and with suffocation's blue and livid lips bear your testimony to

Digitized by Google

the truth! Come from the gallows, ye spirit-maddened manslayers;" grip your gleaming steel, and with your victim's blood yet red upon your hands, stalk forth, and bear your testimony to the truth! Come from your beds of blood ye murdered warriors; with the deep gashes in your flesh and bear your testimony to the truth; "Unroll the record of the past, and let the recording angel read out the dark indictments written in God's book of remembrance; aye, let the past be unfolded, and the shrieks of victims wailing be borne down upon the night blast! Snap your burning chains, ye denizens of the pit, and come up sheeted in fire, dripping with the flames of hell," and trumpet-tongued, bear your testimony to the awful truth, that man is a guilty, polluted, depraved, and malicious being!

"What is Man?"

5. *Man is a mortal being.*

History informs us, that when the vault containing the remains of the royal Charlemange, was opened by the Emperor Otho, the body was found, not reclining, but seated on a throne, with a crown on his fleshless brow, kingly robes covering his skeleton, a sceptre in his bony hand a copy of the gospels on his knees, and a pilgrim's pouch fastened to his girdle. What a humiliating picture of human dignity! What an ineffectual attempt to retain the appearance of life, even amidst the horrors of death! That ghastly skeleton, as it fronts you with a mournful grin, teaches the lesson, that even kings must die; crowns and sceptres cannot ward off the blow of the destroyer; he enters alike pea-

Digitized by Google

sant cot and palace hall. The monarch and the slave, the peasant and the peer, the noble and the base, the virtuous and the vicious, the intellectual and the sensual, the lofty and the lowly the generous and the selfish, all, all must bow beneath the stroke of death,—all must become the lifeless tenants of the tomb! For "it is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." "Man dieth and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" For ages, the human family has been "weeping into life, and groaning out of it." Many of our dearest friends moulder in the dust; and our own hearts, "like muffled drums, are beating funeral marches to the tomb." We live in a land of death! Said one to an aged friend, "I had a letter from a distant correspondent, the other day, who inquired if you were in the land of the living." "No;" replied the saint-like, venerable man, "but I am going there; this world is alone the world of shadows; and the eternal is the only one of living realities." How true the sentiment. "This world is comparatively a world of shadows." It is full of bitter partings, sorrowful looks, dying farewells, and mortal wrecks, as though it were one vast death chamber, one immense Golgotha. For unnumbered ages it has been gathering to the darkness of its sepulchral solitudes the noblest and fairest beings of earth. The grim foe has entered our gardens, and plucked our fairest flowers, leaving nothing behind but his fearful footprint. Where is there a flock that has no dead lamb? Where is there a home that has no "vacant chair?" Where is

Digitized by Google

there a hearth-stone that has not been sprinkled with tears? Fathers, mothers, wives, husbands, and children are torn from our bleeding bosoms by the ruthless hand of death; he grasps the animated form we love, and at once it becomes pulseless clay, and we have to drop tears of bitterness over the funeral urn.

When the joyous voices of those we love vibrate like thrilling music in our ears, and their soft glances fall like sunbeams upon our heart, how often do sad presentiments flash upon us, like shadows from the spirit world, reminding us that those laughing voices must one day be hushed, and those bright eyes shaded in the silence and darkness of the tomb. That lovely child, with its ruby lips, lisping tongue, and sparkling eyes, that now enthrals your heart, and sports with such winning playfulness at your feet, may to-morrow become the prey of burning fever, and, ere long, you may have to weep over an empty cradle.

That youthful maiden, on whose brow beauty is enthroned, marks not the stealthy approach of death: a light beams in her eye, but it is a light from the tomb; a freshness blooms on her cheek, but it is the freshness of a funeral flower. That athletic, manly form, so robust, and apparently fitted to bear the rude brunt of life for many years, may speedily be paralysed; and those clustering locks, damp with the dew of death, hang heavily around the marble forehead.

Are you sure that this year death will not throw his darkening shadow across your path? Are you sure that this year the vacant chair will

Digitized by Google

not remind you of some absent one? Are you sure that this year the form on which you most love to gaze will not be clasped in the icy arms of death? Are you sure that this year death will not enclose you in the shroud, the coffin, and the grave? Ah! my friends, we need not arguments to prove that man is a dying being; for this earth is—

> "One vast revolving sepulchre,
> A universal grave."

"What is man?"

6. *Man is an immortal being,*

His body may mingle with the clods, but his deathless spirit will continue to exist, The casket may be broken, but the jewel it contains will continue to shine. Hence, says the poet—

> "The soul secure in her existence,
> Smiles at the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
> The stars shall fade away, the sun himself grow dim
> With age, and nature sink in years.
> But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
> Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
> The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds!"

Some may sneer at this sentiment, and, curling the lip of scorn, may point to the dark grave as the last receptacle of worn-out humanity; but their cold sneers will no more affect the fact of man's immortality than the hooting of the owl stays the rising of the morning sun, or the scream of the seagull calms the tempestuous waters of the rolling deep. It is a fact that there is a stirring of immortality within the breast of

Digitized by Google

every man. We instinctively feel that the spirit will live when the body is dead; and it requires no small amount of sophistry to resist the testimony of our consciousness upon this question. It has frequently been remarked, that "man's feelings and common sense are often mightier and more overwhelming than all logic." And how true the sentiment. When you stand beside the coffined clay of those you love; as you grasp the clammy hand, and gaze through your tears at that death-bleached countenance, is there not a something within which tells you that you are not parting for ever? Is there not an indelible impression, a solemn conviction, that you will meet again? Who imparted those feelings? Why are we capable of them? The beasts that roam the plains have no such feelings. The monarch of the forest can see the shaggy breast of his companion impaled on the huntsman's spear, and yet have no such emotions. How is it that man, when he gazes on the pale face of his lifeless companion, feels a conviction that the nobler part still exists? Has God implanted this lingering, longing after immortality, and made us capable of the feeling, merely to mock our sorrow, and to tantalize us with hopes that can never be realized? Impossible! The benevolent Being who made us has taught us our duty and our destiny. We find precious passages scattered over the sacred volume, like stars over a midnight sky, distinctly proclaiming that man lives beyond the grave! The blow which takes away his breath does not destroy his being. That holy book which is radiant with God's

Digitized by Google

signature, and resplendent with heaven's glory, unveils to our view the wonders of the eternal world, It brings "life and immortality to light." Oh! then let the cold grave yawn upon us as it may; let the palsying rattle of the valley-clods startle our frail humanity, still we may rest assured that the nobler part of our nature shall never cease to exist! The sinner may tremble, but the saint may rejoice. The guilty one may shrink back with terror; but the christian may look upward with hope! Angels crowd around his dying bed; upon his happy spirit the twin glories of hope and joy shed their radiance; and when the last prayer has passed from his bloodless lip, when the last pang has wrung his quivering frame, swifter than the morning's beam or lightning's flash, upborne on angel's pinions, he shall soar above the stars to the throne of God, there to tread the crystal pavement, warble the seraph's song, and strike his celestial lyre in concert with the countless millions of the redeemed!

"He dies, but no pencil can ever display
The splendour and glory that bursts on his sight,
As guided by angels, he speeds on his way,
Through the portals of praise, to the temple of light."

III. THE PLEASING FACT WHICH THE PSALMIST HERE AFFIRMS,—"Thou art mindful of him: thou visitest him."

Jehovah might, if he pleased, shroud himself with midnight gloom as with a garment; he might pile the stars beneath him for his footstool, and bind blazing suns around his brow for

Digitized by Google

a coronet; he might dwell alone, far, far above us, and look down with cold and silent indifference upon his helpless creatures; or, ever and anon, terrify them by launching his burning bolts, shaking the heavens with his thunders, rending the rocky ribs of the world with his earthquakes, and writing his name in fire on the midnight darkness! But how different is his conduct towards us! He cares for his creatures, and has revealed himself as "the Lord God, merciful and gracious, longsuffering, and abundant in goodness and truth." His eye is ever upon us, he sees our necessities, he supplies our wants, he redresses our grievances, he wipes our tears, yea, he numbers our very hairs. He is mindful of man!

He has manifested his mindfulness of man,

1. *In Providence.*

The food we eat, the water we drink, the air we breathe, the clothes we wear, the repose we take, the health we possess, the light we enjoy; all proclaim his providential care. He has surrounded us with unnumbered mercies. In what a garden of delights he has placed us! What lovely groves, odorous bowers, smiling plains, verdant landscapes, and fruitful fields! What flowing fountains, fragrant flowers, crystal rills, rolling rivers, and glittering seas! What wealthy mines, costly gems, spicy groves, luscious fruits, and waving grain! What laughing, dancing, silver streams; what richly-plumaged warbling birds; what lofty, noble, cloud-capped mountains; what leaping, thundering, rolling waterfalls; what bleating flocks, lowing herds, and

Digitized by Google

prancing steeds;—all these, uniting with the smiling day, the fanning breeze, the fostering shower, the fertilizing dew, the star-gemmed heavens, the flower-decked earth, *all*, ALL, as with a thousand voices, eloquently declare that *God is mindful of man!*

"For me kind nature wakes her genial power,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose, renew,
The juice nectarious and the balmy dew;
For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool, earth—my canopy, the skies."*

But God has still further manifested his regard for man *by interfering on his behalf in times of sorrow.* In prosperity, professed friends gather around us in smiling crowds; but alas! how often do the bleak winds of adversity shake them off, like dead leaves from sapless branches. And thus deserted in the hour of need, we stand like a lightning-smitten tree in the forest—we feel lonely amid laughing multitudes—the world is to us a peopled desert. But how cheering is the thought, "There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother"—a Friend who has proved his friendship through thousands of years! So that now we may sing, amid our sorrows,

"Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
One day kind—the next, deceive us;
But this Friend will never leave us,—
O, how he loves!"

* Pope.

Digitized by Google

In the dark day of adversity, when the eye is dimmed with tears, and the heart is crushed with sorrows, how often has his fatherly care been manifested! We heard no footfall by our side, but strange and unexpected help came just when most required; convincing us that a Father's eye was upon us, and a Father's arm around us. Our tears of sorrow have been crystalized with joy; the bow of promise has brightened our darkest cloud; and the future has been gilded with golden beams. O, how consoling is the thought! Wander where I may, my Father is there. His home "has a height over which angel-wings never wave, a depth which no archangel plummet can sound, an extent which no geometry can measure." For says the Psalmist, "If I ascend into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." O, animating thought—

"Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God."

If I wander weeping amid Siberian snows till the tears freeze on my cheek, or roam in silent solitude o'er Afric's burning sands; if I journey amid joyous scenery, where no winter strips the grove, or binds the dancing streams; or roam o'er sterile regions cursed with eternal barrenness; if I am tossed on the boisterous billow, or left alone in the silent desert, still, my Father is there! His eye is upon me—his arm is around me.

Digitized by Google

"He sees, with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world." *

It was this thought that comforted the great traveller, Mungo Park, when in the desert of Sahara. He had been stripped and robbed of everything, and was left naked in that sandy desert, exposed to the scorching sun, the hungry lion, and the prowling jackall. His heart sank within him, and for a time hope deserted him: but, casting his eyes around, his attention was attracted by a little lovely plant, blooming in that arid region. He examined it carefully: and while doing so, the thought flashed across his mind, "The hand of God is here. Here is one of his works. He cares for this plant: then he cares for me." This thought invigorated his spirits, and enabled him to bear up until help came, and he was delivered. And, my dear friends, on reviewing your own history, I would ask, do you not see many proofs of God's providential care? O, yes. His hand has fed, his wisdom has guided, his providence sustained, his power controlled, his bounty enriched your life with all the countless blessings with which it has been attended. Thus recognizing the providence of God, well may we gratefully exclaim with the pious monarch, "Thou art mindful of man."

But God has more especially manifested his mindfulness of man,

* Pope.

Digitized by Google

2. *In Redemption.*

He has visited this puny globe in the person of his Son; that by his death, he might redeem rebel man from the terrors of an endless hell. On hearing this, the scowling sceptic lifts his finger, and pointing to the star-spangled sky, he sneeringly exclaims, "Is it likely that that Being who made all those flaming suns and revolving worlds should give his Son to suffer and die upon a cross in the meanest of them all, to redeem such an insignificant insect as man?" Yes! we answer—emphatically yes! For what are all those fiery suns and rolling globes compared with man? Within the entire range of the universe, man is the most magnificent of God's workmanship. He was his last and best work. "The midnight pomp, the gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlaid," is utterly insignificant when compared with the meanest slave that ever groaned beneath the lash. True, the starry host surpass him in magnitude, but what is material magnitude compared with thinking mind? Every world, as it goes glittering like a globe of gold through the heavens is but a huge deadness. Pulseless, passionless, it swings through the circuit, struck by the hand of God, for the same reason that the senseless ball flies from the unconscious cannon. Indeed, the universe itself is insignificant when compared with one human spirit. Immense, imposing, and splendid as the universe is, it cannot think or speak, hope or love, joy or sorrow, praise or pray. Consequently, it is but a magnificent mass of dead matter!—a lifeless lump of unconscious material!

Digitized by Google

a great, a grand, and a glorious clod! But man is a thinking spirit, though a spirit clothed in flesh. A rational, reasoning being, although insignificant in size. He is capable of loving, serving, and adoring his great Creator. Yea, within the bosom of the meanest man there lives a noble nature which the countless ages of eternity will fail fully to develope. Consequently there is more true dignity, more real grandeur, and more intrinsic value in one human spirit than in all the pulseless, passionless, lifeless worlds that God has made. And, therefore, if it were but to redeem one solitary spirit, it were worth while for the Saviour to have descended, and for the Saviour to have died.

Then let the sceptic scowl, let the infidel sneer, let the ambassador of hell, in human form, rave and rage, yet we cordially cling to the truth uttered by the royal Psalmist, "Thou art mindful of man; thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." And with the great Apostle, we thankfully exclaim, "We have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins." This is the most convincing proof of God's infinite care for his creatures. This is the most tangible evidence of his boundless love for guilty man.

> "'Twas great to speak a world from nought,
> 'Twas greater to redeem."

In creating the universe, no tears were shed, no sighs were heaved, no groans were uttered no blood was spilt; but in redeeming man, awful

Digitized by Google

were the sufferings endured, bitter the tears that were shed, fearful the sighs that were heaved, dreadful the groans that were uttered, and precious the blood that was spilt by our loving, redeeming Lord!

"He sank beneath our heavy woes,
To raise us to his throne;
There's not a gift his hand bestows,
But cost his heart a groan."

When the evangelist John wishes to convey to our minds a just sense of God's infinite love for rebel man, he does not point to nature's gorgeous temple, for no object, no creature, no sound in all her wide domain, furnishes us with the intelligence. We see it not in the fairest flower, or the brightest star. We hear it not in the softest gale or the balmiest breeze. We feel it not in the richest odour or the sweetest perfume. Creation, with all her wonders and all her beauties, and all her terrors, tells us nothing of redeeming love. She unveils to us a thunder-shrouded and lightning-guarded God; and with solemn music she whispers in our ears the sublime truth that

"He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

Nature, fair, lovely, and eloquent as she is, can tell us no more.

But the evangelist points us to a far different scene. He leads us to Calvary's blood-stained summit, "on a stormy day, under a darkened

Digitized by Google

sky, when night has climbed up strangely to the throne of noon:" and there, as the hoarse thunders growl along the sky, and the red lightnings blaze around the cross, shedding a lurid glare upon the pallid countenance of the brave and heavenly sufferer, he lifts his finger, and pointing to that nailed, bleeding, dying form, he exclaims: "Herein is love: not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." Oh! gaze upon that pale, blood-streaked countenance—behold the painful workings of that agony-wrung brow. See the chaplet of pain entwined around his bleeding temples. Mark the convulsive heaving of his anguish-riven bosom; and, hark! there's a cry bursts from his bloodless lips, loud, earnest, thrilling. The universe shivers before it, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

"O, what a groan was that!
Heard from heaven's highest throne to earth's
Deep centre. * * * *
'Twas our enormous load of heavy guilt
Which bow'd his blessed head, o'erwhelmed his cross,
Made groan the centre, burst earth's marble womb,
With pangs, strange pangs, delivered of her dead.
Hell howl'd; and heav'n that hour let fall a tear.
Heav'n bled, that *man* might live. Heaven wept,
That *man* might never die!"

Oh! who can linger amid Gethsemane's glooms and Golgotha's horrors—who can gaze on Calvary's blood-reddened hill—who can stand under the shadow of the cross, and see the Saviour's head, hanging over his bleeding bosom—who can see the cold glittering steel penetrate his

Digitized by Google

heart—who can watch the crimson stream flowing from the gaping wound—who can gaze on scenes like these, without overwhelming gratitude and penitential tears, as he reflects, that all this was done for rebel man? The vials of vengeance emptied on the Redeemer, that floods of mercy might be shed upon the sinner. Christ crowned with a diadem of thorns, that man might be crowned with a diadem of glory. Death seizing the Son of God, that life might be given to the son of man. The grave yawned for him who had never sinned, that glory might encircle us who had always sinned!

"O, love of infinite degree!
Unmeasurable grace!
Must heaven's eternal darling die,
To save the trait'rous race?

Must angels sink for ever down,
To burn in quenchless fire;
While God forsakes his shining throne,
To raise us wretches higher?

Oh! for such love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak."

Truly "God is mindful of man." With good old Zacharias, we may exclaim, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath visited and redeemed his people."

IN CONCLUSION,

Allow me to say, that this Divine Visitor has returned to the realms of light. Having accom-

Digitized by Google

plished man's salvation, he ascended to his throne on high; this world was too polluted to detain him long. But will he not visit it again? He will! He will dazzle this world with his glory!—a glory that shall burn! "But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth?" We shall have to stand, then, my brethren, without a cave to conceal us, a mountain to hide us, or a rock to shelter us! Then every mask will be removed, every cloak will be torn away; shame will colour many a brow, and remorse whiten many a cheek. Pale-faced hypocrisy will then be fully exposed; all mere forms and pretensions, all the glitter and glare of outward show, everything that is unreal will flit like mist before intolerable sunlight, and bright hopes, and fascinating prospects that were fair but false, will vanish like the visions of a glorious dream; and, soul naked, we shall have to stand before our Righteous Judge! Oh! impenitent sinner, how will you meet him? how will you bear the bright, burning glance of his eye?

> "From his keen glance affrighted worlds retire.
> He speaks in thunder, and he breathes in fire."

Those eyes which are "as a flame of fire" will search the inmost recesses of your heart! That voice which is "as the sound of many waters," will demand an account of your stewardship. How will you meet him? Oh! seek to be reconciled to him *now*. Strive to obtain his favour *now*. Kneel in penitence before him *now*. The Mighty Being who will be your future Judge,

Digitized by Google

offers now to be your friend. He has bought your pardon. He has made atonement for your guilt, and now he offers you salvation. A salvation great, grand, glorious!—present, full, free! Oh! reject not the overtures of mercy! Spurn not the claims of redeeming love. Trifle not with your unending interests. Hazard not your soul's eternal welfare. Below you burns the gulf of woe, and its fierce flames are ready to enwrap you. Above you flash heaven's pearly gates, and angels beckon to the entrance. Will you enter? Will you blend your songs with theirs? If you are willing, you are welcome. All heaven proclaims you welcome. Welcome! welcome!! peals from every lyre. Your sins need be no barrier. If your heart be wrapt up in the ice of a polar winter, the love of Christ can melt it. If sin has made you polluted as a demon, the blood of Christ can wash out every stain.

"What though your sins are black as night,
Or glowing like the crimson morn,
Immanuel's blood can make them white
As snow, through the pure ether born."

Oh! then approach him in humble penitence. Come to him just as you are—naked, helpless, guilty. Look to him by simple faith. Child-like, cast your burdened spirit upon the atonement, and pardon shall be yours—life shall be yours!—happiness shall be yours!!—heaven shall be yours!!! Amen.

Digitized by Google

NOTES OF A VISIT TO THE NORTH.

"The moors—all hail! Ye changeless, ye sublime,
That seldom hear a voice, save that of heaven!
Scorners of chance, and fate, and death and time,
But not of Him whose viewless hand hath riven
The chasm through which the mountain stream is driven.
How like a prostrate giant—not in sleep,
But list'ning to his beating heart—ye lie!
With winds and clouds dread harmony ye keep;
Ye seem alone beneath the boundless sky;
Ye speak, are mute, and there is no reply!
Here all is sapphire light, and gloomy land,
Blue, brilliant sky, above a sable sea
Of hills like chaos, ere the first command,
'Let there be light!' bade light and beauty be."

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER, 7TH.

HAVING made an arrangement to preach anniversary sermons in the North of England, I took the early train this morning from Great Driffield to Malton, on my way for Westgate, situate in the wild and romantic district of Weardale, in the county of Durham. It was a lovely, breezy, autumnal morning, "so pure, so calm, so bright;" such as the quaint but eloquent Herbert would call "the bridal of earth and sky." The heavens were dyed in the purest azure—the floating clouds were fringed with gold—nature was arrayed in her gayest robes;

Digitized by Google

and, as we flew along the iron track, on the mighty wings of steam, woodland and stream, coppice and plain, dingle and dell, presented to the admiring eye a picture of sylvan sweetness. Sweeping across a richly cultivated country, and dashing through the deep "cuttings," we at length plunged into the darkness of "Burdale Tunnel." In the erection of this subterraneous arch, much time, toil, and wealth were expended, the chalk was cut through completely, and the subjacent clay penetrated. The clay, rendered slippery by the water from the chalk above, occasioned much annoyance to the civil engineer and the workmen—the woodwork being frequently broken, and the arching disordered. Emerging from the gloomy passage, we swept along the narrow valley in the "Kimmeridge Clay," by the station for Warram, cut through the "Oolitic rock," opposite Settrington, entered the broad and beautiful vale of Pickering, at its south western extremity, and drew up safely at the station for Malton. Having to wait some time at Malton for the next train to Darlington, I took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded me to see whatever the town possessed of architectural or historic interest. It is a well-built, though not over-clean, market town, standing on a gentle eminence, pleasantly situated on the western banks of the river Derwent. The river is spanned by a beautiful bridge of stone, with three graceful arches, connecting the town with the village of Norton, on the opposite banks. The town itself, containing now perhaps not more than seven or eight thousand inhabitants,

Digitized by Google

was once an important Roman station, as is sufficiently attested by the numerous relics of imperial times, such as rude and curious urns, coins, baths, graves, inscriptions, &c. Some of the discovered urns have contained fragments of burnt bones, elegant glass phials, glass beads, arrowheads of flint, and bronze tools, such as Celtic chisels, gouges, &c.

The country all around Malton, we are told, has in early times, been the most densely populated part of Yorkshire, and continued so until a comparatively recent period. Founded, as most of the Roman stations were, in proximity to older British towns, we see here a double town—Old and New Malton on one side of the river, and Norton on the other.

Entering the town, and wandering along its contracted streets, St. Michael's Church will at length attract the attention of the ecclesiologist. This is a large Anglo-Norman structure, from which

> "Old time bends down his visage grey."

It is very much defaced and mutilated. Keen wintry winds and time's iron hand

> "Have worn the pillar's carving quaint,
> And moulder'd in his niche the saint."

St. Leonard's, too is worthy of notice. It comprises a nave, a north aisle, chancel, and tower surmounted by an unfinished spire, in the form of a truncated cone, which gives it a stunted appearance. There are several chapels too, destitute, I must confess, of external splendour, but

Digitized by Google

all the richer, I trust, in the splendour reflected from above; for, after all, what is a magnificent edifice, or a gorgeous ceremonial, or an eloquent ministry, if Christ be not uplifted, and the presence and power of the Holy Ghost be not felt? Why, they are little better than a brilliant banquetting hall, with plate of glittering gold, and goblets of sparkling crystal upon the table, but no food to satisfy the cravings of hunger, and no liquid to quench the raging of thirst. I would, however, hope that there is no famine of "the bread and water of life" in either church or chapel; but that "the glorious gospel of the blessed God" is preached in its purity and simplicity; and that the presence and power of the Paraclete are sensibly felt in binding up broken hearts, soothing troubled spirits, and preparing immortal souls for glory.

Proceeding to old Malton, which is a small village about a mile from the Market-place, our attention is attracted by the church of the Old Gilbertine Priory.* This building was founded and endowed in the year 1150, by Eustace Fitz-John and his son, William de Vesci. The site was granted by Henry VIII. to Archbishop Holgate. The style is Transition Norman, rich in architectural beauty. "The west door has a handsome receding arch, composed of various mouldings, springing from an impost composed of the capitals of seven colums, attached to each jamb. The mouldings are a beautiful specimen

* A religious order so named from Gilbert, Lord of Sempingham.

Digitized by Google

of the lozenge, highly enriched; also the chevron and the diagonal flower, all executed in the twelfth century." I am an intense admirer of both Norman and Gothic architecture, and fancy I feel its beauties; but I must confess that "I always feel a strong repugnance to modern imitations of those old grotesque figures, seen on many of our venerable churches, whether they consist of droll distortions of 'the human face divine,' or monstrous misfigurements of some other forms of life. If the monkish sculptors intended any instruction by them, well: the moderns, at all events, have no such designs, and act as I think, unwisely in thus decorating places intended for christian worship."

I did not enter, and wander over the grave-stone floor of this sacred edifice: but I suppose here, as in other ancient churches, may be found the marble effigies of the departed sons of wealth and war, with clasped hands uplifted on the breast in attitude of prayer,

> "As though they did intend
> For past omissions to atone,
> By saying endless prayers in stone."

What a striking illustration have we here of the fact that the grandest architecture may enshrine the grossest superstition—the noblest efforts of art may adorn the most clownish foolery of worship! Like the Greeks, who could build a Parthenon, and yet call Paul a babbler, the individuals who had skill enough to rear this stately pile were at the same time the abject slaves of the most grovelling superstition—bow-

Digitized by Google

ing their necks to the galling yoke of Popery—confessing their crimes in the ears of a corrupt priesthood—and endeavouring to propitiate the favour of a holy God by means of the miserable mass, the relic-hallowed shrine, the imaged saint, the pompous ritual, the choral symphony, the smoking incense, tinsel ceremonies, prolonged fastings, painful penances, &c., &c. Oh, how weak, absurd, and puerile does Popery appear, when contrasted with our pure and holy Protestantism! Popery points its votaries, for spiritual safety, to the penal fires of purgatory, to priestly absolution, to a consecrated wafer! On the other hand, Protestantism points to Christ as the only refuge. She collects and condenses her deep and glorious inspiration into one sacred sentence, and pours it musically forth in her own fervid and imperishable tones:—"Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world!"

As we wander round this venerable pile, once a stronghold of Popery, but now the sanctuary of true worship, what solemn thoughts present themselves to the mind. Where are the hands that reared its stately stones? Where are the monks and papists who once worshipped within its walls? Where are the priests who officiated at its richly embroidered shrine? Where are they? They have passed away! Death has laid them low! For ages, they have been mouldering in the dust! And since they were consigned to the mansions of the dead, what countless thousands have gone to the same dark abode: matron and maiden, merchant and me-

Digitized by Google

chanic, statesman and herdsman, prince and peasant, monarch and mendicant—all alike levelled! "all unscutcheoned, uncrowned, unplumed, unhelmed, unpedigreed, unlaced, uncoroneted, unbestarred!"

In wandering among the monuments of the dead, nothing seems to affect me more than the sight of those little hillocks of green which the poet has beautifully designated "the footprints of angels." They invariably touch a tender chord in my bosom, and vividly recal to memory the time when I also bent with tenderest sorrow, and wept bitterly, over a crushed flower. Yes,

"I've sat and watched by dying beauty's head,
And burning tears of hopeless anguish shed;
I've gazed upon the sweet but pallid face,
And vainly tried some comfort there to trace;
I've listened to the short and struggling breath;
I've seen the cherub eye grow dim in death."

But still there's a balm for the bleeding heart; there's consolation in our holy christianity. It sheds a rich and heavenly radiance around the little lifeless form and gilds with promised glory the tiny tomb. Hence the christian parent may exclaim—

"O passing stranger, call this not
A place of fear and gloom;
I love to linger o'er the spot:
It is my baby's tomb.
Here morning sunbeams brightly glow,
And here the moonbeam shines;
While all unconsciously below
My slumbering babe reclines.
His little waxen rosy face,
I know will soon decay;

Digitized by Google

And every charm and every grace
Will moulder fast away.
But when the sun and moon shall fade,
My baby shall arise.
In brighter beams than theirs arrayed,
And reign above the skies."

We look upon the blanched countenance, beautiful as a lily even in death; and, although blinded with tears, still we are ready to exclaim, "Better die young than incur a dishonoured name in riper years, and reach an old age of shame. Better that the opening flower, all moist with the dew of the morning, should be plucked by a gentle hand, to gladden the mansion with its perfume and beauty, than that the tempest at night should rudely shatter its stalk, and cast its petals on the miry ground." We gaze with sadness upon that beautiful brow that has now all the blanched coldness of marble; but we are gladdened by the thought that it is not a sorrow-blighted brow; it has never been darkened by envy, malice, revenge, or pining grief. And as we gaze, there is no retrospect of reverses, of vicissitudes, and of sins. The frail flower was gathered before the cold storms beat upon it, or the burning sun had taken away its beauty.

"Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with trembling care,—
The opening bud to heaven convey'd,
And bade it blossom there."

Farewell, ye tenants of the tomb. Ye have taught me a lesson of my own mortality. Innocent babes, blooming maidens, sprightly youths, hoary-headed sires, all unconscious, ye sleep on

Digitized by Google

now; but ere long, your profound slumbers will be broken by the solemn peal of that trumpet whose thunder tones shall pierce the deepest charnels and startle a slumbering universe.

Leaving this sacred edifice, with all its solemn associations, let us take a passing glance at the site of the ancient Castle,—that relic of bygone times which carries us in thought to the ages of chivalry and feudalism. The site is adorned with lofty trees, and is an object of interest to the antiquary. History says that the "great Earl Siward," who defeated Macbeth, was one of the Lords of Malton; and after the Norman Conquest, the baronial family of Vesci built here a castle and a priory for Gilbertine canons, the remains of which exist at the present time. On the site of the castle, Ralph, Lord Eure built a noble castellated mansion, in the sixteenth century; but his two granddaughters disagreeing about the property, the magnificent mansion was dismantled in the year 1674, and the materials were divided between the Vandal heiresses by the High Sheriff of the county. The lodge and the gateway, however, were allowed to remain, to stand as a monument to future ages of the implacable enmity of the human heart, and the vindictiveness of family feuds.

"Strong, extensive, and lofty, the fabric was raised,
And defiance once frowned from its brow;
From its battlements courage undaunted hath gazed,
Though a kingdom in arms were below.
But how changed is the pile! Those who reared it repose
In the dust, like the dust which they trod;
While the heroes who guarded its walls, and their foes,
Rest in peace under marble and sod."

Digitized by Google

Having a little time still remaining, I passed it very pleasantly in examining some elegant engravings exposed for sale, finished in the first style of art. One of them charmed me exceedingly on account of the noble spirit of self-sacrifice it embodied. I thought it worthy of being framed in gold, and suspended in the stateliest mansion. It represented two females—the far-famed Florence Nightingale and her brave companion—in the hospital at Scutari, tending the lonely couch of a dying warrior. He had no loving wife or gentle sister near to smooth his dying pillow; but they, like Heaven's ministering angels, stood by his side, wiping the death-dew from his marble brow, moistening his parched lips, and endeavouring by feminine tenderness to alleviate his dying agonies. On the opposite side of the couch, stood the physician, with sombre countenance, feeling the feverish pulse of the dying man. Beneath this touching picture, there was an appropriate stanza of Sir Walter Scott's—

> "And if there be a human tear,
> From passion's dross refined and clear,
> A tear so limpid and so meek
> It would not stain an angel's cheek,—
> 'Twas such these pious women shed
> Around the dying hero's bed."

As I gazed on that affecting picture, and admired the heaven-born benevolence of the noble lady which it illustrated, I could not but execrate the infernal spirit of war. Monstrous evil! curse of the nations! What pencil can paint its horrors? What tongue can tell its havoc? "Pre-

Digitized by Google

ceded by terror, followed by devastation, fed by curses, nourished by human woe," diffused by blood, and groans, and tears! So terrible is the price paid for what is called "a glorious victory," that the most renowned general of modern times* has declared it to be "the greatest of all calamities except a defeat."

How unearthly and hellish are the sounds of the conflict, the whiz of death-winged bullets, the rattle of iron hail, the crash of exploding shells, the roar of musketry and cannon, the braying of the battle trumpet, the clash of steel among contending squadrons, while ever and anon rises, shrill and dreadful, the dying cry and the heart-rending wail of the wounded!

But if the sounds of battle be so terrible, what must the sight be! Go, look upon the battle-field, and you will there see enough to make hearts of iron feel, and eyes of marble weep. Crimson rills of human blood are flowing on every side; broken swords, stained with gore, lay flashing in the sun; thousands of mangled corpses cumber the blood-drenched field; while shattered limbs, cloven skulls, headless trunks, pale and ghastly visages lie strewed around in horrible confusion! See! look at yon dense mass of human beings, each possessed of an immortal soul. They are struggling together with the fury and rage of wild beasts—faces disfigured with ferocity—eyes glaring with vengeance. Horrible sight! Bayonets dripping with blood deal death and destruction around! Swords

* The Duke of Wellington.

Digitized by Google

flash aloft, and swift as lightning cleave the burning brain, or pierce the throbbing heart. Banners that floated gaily on the morning breeze are now torn, drabbled, and gory; on some of which

"The British lion ramps in gold."

The proud war-horse, that with prancing eagerness and fiery eye rushed to the charge, now is stiffened and still upon the corpse of his rider; from whose gashed breast the life-blood is trickling. Is this an overdrawn picture of the horrors of war? Alas! the half has not been told. Read the following graphic description from the pen of the eloquent Headley:—"The siege of Acre was now pressed with renewed vigour. Day by day, and night by night, the horrible slaughter continued. The walls were reduced to a pile of blackened ruins—the streets ploughed with bombshells, and houses demolished. In the sulphurious cloud of smoke, enveloping besiegers and besieged, like a funeral pall, blackened forms would rush upon each other with dripping bayonets and bloody scimitars. The cannon thundered on in one incessant roar. Mines were burrowed under the walls, and hundreds of barrels of gunpowder exploded. Like demons filled with hellish fury, did the French soldiers rush to the onset; and like demons were they hurled back by the bloody and ferocious Turks.

"The siege had been continued for sixty days, and half the besiegers were dead or wounded. To the horrors of war, the plague was added.

Digitized by Google

Hundreds of unburied corpses, festering and putrifying in the burning sun, tainted the air. At last, a fleet of thirty sail-of-the-line was seen approaching, with a reinforcement of twelve thousand English and Turks. The hopes of Napoleon sunk; and, like a grim lion foiled of his prey, he suddenly retired from that blood-stained fortress before whose walls the rising sun of his ambition had suffered its first eclipse."

And yet this inhuman monster, in his solitude at St. Helena, after he had overthrown kingdoms, dethroned monarchs, chained an iron despotism on the neck of France, clothed nations in the habiliments of mourning, and drenched Europe with the life-blood of six millions of her sons,—after all this, he had the audacity, in the sight of Heaven, to lay his hand upon his heart, and declare that he had never waged any other than a defensive war! Such a monster is unworthy the name of man. We have no tears to spare for his fallen greatness; for that greatness was founded in crime, and reared by force and perfidy. No; we reserve our sympathies for those he ruined—the impoverished peasant, the widowed mother, the weeping orphan, the sonless sire, the violated virgin; and we are even perverse enough to rejoice that the ocean's lonely rock became his prison house. Indeed, we should rejoice to see every blood-thirsty tyrant who would make the earth a slaughter-house, caged like a wild beast, or chained to a lonely rock amid the surging billows of the ocean. Gigantic efforts have been made to glorify the memory of Napoleon. The sculptor's marble

Digitized by Google

and the painter's canvass, the tongue of the orator and the poet's genius, have all been laid under contribution to dignify his character and immortalize his name; but we think the most appropriate monument is one conceived by the gifted Cruikshank. It is a ghastly pyramid of human skulls, with the blood-reddened tyrant standing on the summit. Fitting monument! He must necessarily be conspicuous on the page of history; then let him have a pedestal of skulls! Let him stand upon them, with the blood-spotted laurel wreathed around his guilty brow. Let it be known to future generations that human skulls formed the stepping stones to the eminence he attained.

We will now close this blood-lit page by quoting the lines of the poet:—

"I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round.
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms,
And when ambition's voice commands
To march, and fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round;
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs and dying groans,
And widows' tears and orphans' moans,
And all that misery's hand bestows
To swell the catalogue of human woes."

After musing on such a terrible theme as war, how refreshing to turn our attention to the be-

Digitized by Google

nevolent spirit breathed by our holy christianity. After contemplating the infamous career of a Napoleon, how delightful to turn and contemplate the truly splendid deeds of the noble-minded Florence Nightingale. She leaves her happy home, braves the boisterous billows, breathes the infectious atmosphere of the military hospital, and encounters the most revolting scenes, that she may smooth the dying pillow, moisten the parched lips, and whisper words of Divine comfort in the ear of the expiring warrior!

See the brave Grace Darling! She hears the cry of distress from the shattered wreck, and at once her sympathies are roused. The life-boat is launched on the storm-tossed-ocean; and, regardless of the howling winds, the crashing thunders, the foam-crested waves, and the lightning barbs of fire, she bravely dares the terrible tempest, that she may rescue the drowning mariners.

See the fearless and lofty-minded Wilberforce! His heart bleeds over the wrongs of the negro, and he resolves to break his galling chain. Before the eloquent and the elite of the land, he pleads his cause, and presents his claims. With kindling ardour and graceful eloquence, he explores the depths of negro wretchedness, contending, with resistless argument, that the negro, despite his sable skin and debased form, possesses the unalienable rights of manhood. Undaunted by difficulties and unabashed by frowns, through twenty years of his eventful life, he lifts his unwearied voice, and employs his fascinating

Digitized by Google

eloquence, in branding that infernal traffic which tramples on the rights of humanity. And, brave man as he is, he rests not until the joyous song of freedom is sung by the ransomed slave!

See the philanthropic Howard! He leaves the seclusion and luxuries of his elegant retreat; and, with unparalleled toil and tenderness, consumes twelve years of his life in wandering round Europe—plunging into prisons and pest-houses—standing face to face with death—and, as it were, laying down his life a thousand times, that others might find theirs. To speak of his noble deeds, and forget the eloquent eulogium in which Burke has embalmed his memory, were difficult. "Howard," said the orator, "was a man who traversed foreign countries, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples—not to make accurate measurement of the remains of ancient grandeur—not to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art—not to collect medals or manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons—to plunge into the infection of hospitals—to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain—to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt—to remember the forsaken—and to compare and collate the distresses of all men under all climes."

Such was the noble conduct of Howard; the sound of whose name will ever excite feelings of admiration in the breasts of his magnanimous countrymen. He gave up his own comfort that others might be comforted; and was often immured in a foul dungeon that others might breathe the free air of liberty—that the breath

Digitized by Google

of heaven might fan their faded cheeks, and its sunlight brighten their tear-dimmed eyes. Like an angel of mercy, he visited those gloomy abodes where the clank of fetters and the wail of anguish were the only sounds heard—that, with the soothing voice of kindness, he might inspire a ray of hope and joy in the bosoms of the wretched. At length, he fell a victim to his philanthropy; for, in administering medicine to some poor wretches in the hospital at Cherson, in the Crimea, he caught an infectious disease, and died in the glorious work of benevolence. Thus it was that he won

> "Never-withering wreaths, compared with which
> The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds."

Such godlike principles ennoble the individual who possesses them. They adorn his brow with a rainbow diadem, and his name is handed down to posterity with veneration. When the name of Napoleon shall be gibbeted in infamy, that of Howard will be emblazoned on the banner of fame, and surrounded with a halo of glory. He will be elevated on a pedestal, not of ghastly skulls, but of loving, grateful hearts.

But hark! Yonder's the signal bell; so, for the present, our musings must cease. Leaving this beautiful picture, which has given birth to so many thoughts on the demon-like doings of war, and the godlike works of benevolence, we retrace our steps to the station, and take a seat in one of the railway-cars. After a brief interval, the shriek of the steam whistle rings along the line, and off we start; the ponderous engine,

Digitized by Google

like a "tormented spirit of iron," rushes fiercely along the track, awaking the distant echoes by its harsh scream, and trailing its graceful wreaths of snow white vapour along the landscape. Bye and bye, we reach the station at Thirsk, where we alight for half an hour. The old town of Thirsk, or "Thrusk," is chiefly composed of one long street, of rather an unpromising appearance. In the new town, also, the buildings are, for the most part, of an inferior class. Near these, is the site of an old castle, which formerly belonged to the powerful family of the Mowbrays. The moat and ramparts are still to be seen. It was here that Roger de Mowbray commenced his rebellion against Henry II.; in consequence of which, the castle was demolished.

Now we take the train again: and, after a pleasant ride across a beautiful country, passing Northallerton and Croft, we arrive at Darlington. This pleasant town stands on the slope of a hill, situate on the western bank of the river Skerne, which is spanned by a bridge of three arches. It is noted for the manufacture of hukabacks, diapers, stuffs, &c. Fine linens are also made here; the Skerne waters being famous for bleaching. Wandering into the town, we find the market-place, square and spacious; on the eastern side of which, stands the church—a handsome structure, with a central tower, surmounted by a light spire, and very ancient, except the east end of the chancel, and the spire, which are modern. Several neat chapels, belonging to the varied classes of Nonconformists, likewise adorn different parts of the town. The

Digitized by Google

chief occupation of the inhabitants appears to be flax-spinning, grinding optical glasses, founding iron, combing wool, making woollen yarn, &c. It is said that Darlington gives the title of earl to the Marquis of Cleveland.

There is one object here of special interest, viz., a small locomotive engine, which is placed upon an elevated platform in front of the railway station. It is a somewhat antiquated piece of mechanism, weighing about eight tons; and its speed may be inferred from the fact that, at one time, a race actually came off between it and a stage-coach! The foundation-stone of the pedestal upon which it is placed was laid in the autumn of 1857, by Mr. Pease, M.P., amid bursts of music and the firing of cannon. The driver of the engine was present, and had his portrait taken on the occasion.

J. Dixon, Esq., the company's engineer, has kindly favoured me with a few facts relative to this relic of the past, which may not prove uninteresting; and as he was George Stephenson's first assistant, the information is given from his own personal knowledge. The name of the old engine is "Locomotion;" its original name was "Active." It was the first ever used upon the Darlington or any other public railway; consequently, it is now honoured, in its old age, by being placed upon a conspicuous pedestal, as a momento of the past. It was constructed in 1825, by Stephenson & Co., of Newcastle, and was employed in taking the first train along the line on the day of opening, September 29, 1825. The first trip comprised coals, flour, and 250

Digitized by Google

visitors. There were thirty-eight vehicles in all; the whole weight being about ninety tons. The renowned George Stephenson, the constructor of the engine, was its driver on the occasion; "and local chroniclers were more out of breath than the locomotive, at recording its occasional pace of ten miles an hour."

For several years, the driver was James Stephenson, brother to the celebrated George, the father of locomotive travelling.

The "Locomotion" had not been in use many years before it was superseded by an engine of an improved kind, viz., "The Rocket;" which was constructed for running faster with lighter loads, and embodied many improvements, such as a fire-box, multitublar boiler, blast-pipe, &c., &c.

However, with all the imperfections of the "Locomotion," there it stands upon its pedestal, a fit monument of the indomitable energy and perseverance of the skilful George Stephenson who manfully confronted the prejudices, and bravely dared the sneers and frowns of the whole scientific world. As he was pushing his discoveries, improving the construction, and endeavouring to increase the speed of his engines, hints of his honesty and sanity were freely thrown out by intelligent men: and it is said that the counsel for the railway company declared somewhat roughly, that "if George Stephenson estimated the speed of his engines at more than ten miles an hour he would ruin the company's prospects, and qualify himself for a cell in bedlam."

Digitized by Google

The Quarterly Review entered the lists, and fought against him with the utmost asperity. "What," said the writer, "what can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous, than the prospect held out of locomotive travelling twice as fast as coaches? We should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's richochet rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate. We will back old Father Thames against the Woolwich Railway, for any sum. We trust that Parliament will, in all railways it may sanction, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour, which, we entirely agree with Mr. Sylvester, is as great as can be ventured on with safety."

Most of the practical and scientific men in the kingdom shared these opinions. One civil engineer designated Stephenson as "that unprofessional person;" another denominated his plans as "very wild;" while the learned Baron Alderson declared that Stephenson's was "the most absurd scheme that it ever entered the head of man to conceive." Many such battles had Stephenson to fight single-handed; "but neither abuse, nor sarcasm, nor cajolery, nor piteous howling could move him."* He simply smiled good-naturedly at his enemies, and went on with his improvements.

At length, the directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway were persuaded to offer a premium of £500 for the locomotive engine which should, on a stated day, perform certain

* Athenæum.

Digitized by Google

conditions in the most satisfactory manner. "The scientific world laughed and shrugged its shoulders, but George Stephenson and his son calmly set to work, and, by the appointed day of trial, the famous locomotive, 'The Rocket,' built at Newcastle, was ready to compete for the prize."

Four engines were produced, one of which was withdrawn at the commencement of the experiment. Of the other three, the "Novelty," by Messrs. Braithwaite and Ericson, and "The Sans Pariel," by Mr. Hackworth, signally failed; one got out of order, and broke down, and the other suddenly blew up; but "The Rocket" ran twenty-nine miles in the hour easily, to the astonishment and delight of an immense crowd, and won the prize. This incredible speed burst upon the world with all the effect of a new and unlooked-for phenomenon. The sneers of scientific men were now answered; their opposition gave place to applause; the shares rose ten per cent. in one day; and the name and fame of George Stephenson were blazoned far and wide. "Leopold made him a Belgian knight, but the chevalier never wore the insignia. Knighthood was ultimately offered him at home, but he refused the infliction. Some one asked him what his ornamental initials were, for the purpose of appending them to a dedication. "I have to state," said Mr. Stephenson, "that I have no flourishes to my name, either before or after, and I think it will be as well if you merely say 'George Stephenson.'"*

* Athenæum.

Digitized by Google

Such having been his difficulties, and such his triumphs, it is fitting that some striking memorial should be reared to perpetuate his memory; and we know not of one more appropriate than the pedestal before us, with the engine upon it, silently, yet eloquently, speaking of the difficulties encountered, the enemies subdued, and the triumphs achieved by the brave George Stephenson.

We rambled round the pedestal, climbed upon the tender, and examined this antique relic of the past with peculiar interest. Since its iron limbs were constructed, the railway system has undergone an immense development. Profiting by the improvements and suggestions of Stephenson, engines of a gigantic character have been constructed, compared with which the "Locomotion" is but a mere infant, both as to size, and weight, and locomotive power.

Having scanned this infant engine to our heart's content, we then turned our attention to a ponderous and powerful engine of modern construction; and what a contrast! It is like placing a lamb and an elephant side by side. It is almost impossible to gaze upon one of those colossal monsters without awakened wonder and astonishment. "Monstrous beast of passage and of burden!" There it stands, a triumph of art! Its huge bowels a glowing fiery furnace, and its ponderous frame of iron quivering with the utmost energy of steam! Look at it, as it stands fretting and foaming upon the iron track —what can you bring to equal it? There it stands, with its furnace heart and its brazen si-

Digitized by Google

news, as if instinct with life; more powerful than the elephant, more spirited than the war-horse, fleeter than the wild roe, and yet gentle as a lamb, and obedient as a babe! What an astonishing triumph of art! Man may justly be proud of it!

But yet, how humiliating is the thought—the most weak and insignificant agents of an Omnipotent hand are sufficient to annihilate the noblest and proudest works of man! That magnificent mass of complicated machinery, which stands so proudly before us—the engine—how would it stand a conflict with the flashing fire of Heaven? With only one arrow shot at it from the quiver of a thunder-cloud, how, in a single instant, too quick for mortal eye, would the lightning melt and solder together its iron joints, rend open its brazen skin, scatter its boiling blood, and overthrow the huge leviathan! Nay, much less than that will be sufficient to destroy it effectually. Let that powerful piece of mechanism be but left by itself for a few days and nights, with no covering save heaven's canopy, and mark the result. There shall be above it no black thunder-cloud; the lightning's fire-lance shall not strike it; there shall not come near it hammer, chisel, or file; it shall neither be melted, struck, nor touched: and yet it shall be found as paralysed and as motionless, and in time as useless, as if the lightning had blasted it. And what shall have preyed upon its vitals, and cankered its limbs? The dew of heaven—the soft, the mild, the gentle dew—the drink of the humming-bird from the floweret's cup—the

Digitized by Google

morning bath of the lilies of the field—the pearly drops that glitter like gems upon the leaves of the rose! Those invisible atoms of moisture, of which myriads are necessary to form one drop upon a blade of grass, filtered in the air till they descend without a particle of earthly or acrid matter, yet settling on the surface of that tempered metal on which any other would not make a scratch, will lay a coat of rust upon its surface—eat silently into its substance—corrode and thin the plates—stiffen and cement the joints—and make it crazy, ricketty, and ready to burst at the first attempt to restore its power. The most complicated and marvellous productions of man's genius—his strongest, noblest creation, unable to cope with a few drops of dew! So weak and insignificant are the agents that suffice to annihilate the greatest works of man, because they are the agents of an Almighty hand.

Whatever praise, then, we may feel willing to bestow on the mighty works of man, it can bear no comparison with those feelings of amazement, admiration, and awe, but at the same time of gratitude and love, with which we should ever contemplate the magnificent and glorious works of God, who can do such mighty wonders with so calm a power! which is ever the true characteristic of majesty.

But hark! Again there rings on the air the piercing shriek of the steam whistle, and here comes the brazen-sinewed monster, belching forth smoke and vapour, as if it were a "fiery dragon" harnessed; while its thundering tramp makes

Digitized by Google

the ground tremble like "a travelling Niagara." Taking our seat in one of the cars, away we dash across a pleasant country, now in deep cuttings, and then on high embankments, until we plunge into a dark tunnel, of considerable length, and emerge near the station for Bishop Auckland.

In passing, we may remark, that this interesting little town stands on an eminence of about 140 feet from the plain; and is bounded on the north by the river Wear, and on the south by the river Gaunless, which flows into the former near the town. The surrounding country is exceedingly pleasant and fertile, variegated with hill and dale, and the air remarkably salubrious. Here the Bishop of Durham dwells in a beautiful palace, with a revenue of eight thousand pounds per year. Truly his Lordship cannot say with Peter, "silver and gold have I none;" however, he can, and we would charitably hope he does, say to the sorrow-stricken sons and daughters of poverty, "such as I have give I thee." The river Gaunless flows through the Bishop's beautiful park, where, thanks to his Lordship, we, in concert with hundreds more, once passed a most delightful day, and were regaled by perfume from the rarest flowers, and, charmed by strains of the richest music. On entering the park through a splendid gateway, the eye is attracted by a beautiful Gothic chapel, which displays its elegant proportions close to the palace; the whole occupying the site of a former palace belonging to the Bishops of Durham.

It is said that the town derives its name from its vicinity to the Bishop's palace, and from the

Digitized by Google

number of oaks which formerly grew here.

Leaving, then, this land of oaks and palaces, our unwearied steed rushes along the line with us, until we arrive at a little smoke-wreathed station, directly opposite the Wilton Park Iron Works. These iron works are situate in a capacious glen, which was now canopied with rolling volumes of smoke. On coming upon these Vulcanian establishments unexpectedly, it is like entering the precincts of pandemonium, especially after sunset; for during the day, the fierce furnaces are generally outshone by the solar fire. Last year, we passed this place during the night, when it presented the appearance of a valley of fire, girdled by a line of flame. The yawning vents of the furnaces were belching forth their perpetual blaze. Occasionally, a bright flash of fire, like the forked tongue of a monstrous serpent, would dart out from the flaming vent; and, throwing its lurid light upon the heavens, set the clouds aglow, and transformed the sky into an immense dome of molten brass; which would again be darkened by heavy columns of coal-black smoke, the precursors of another blaze.

Employment in a region like this must be destructive to health. But I suppose it is profitable; and there are multitudes to be found who will sacrifice health for wealth.

> ———"Yon black clouds are the fume
> Of that great crucible, in which, with torturing fire,
> The Mulciberian artist, practice-taught,
> Transmutes, with skill ne'er known to th' alchemist,
> Each sordid metal into price of gold."

Digitized by Google

Another scream from our steam horse, and away we go; leaving those "Mulciberian artists," with their sinewy limbs and smutty faces, to toil amid the stifling smoke and scorching fires.

Gliding swiftly along the line, bye and bye, we reach the bank of the river Wear, on which the upper part of the line is laid. This is the most delightful and picturesque portion of the journey. The river, with its shallow waters, goes warbling over its gravelly bed, and is broken into little rippling wavelets, the murmuring liquid music of which has a peculiarly soothing sound; while ever and anon the eye is pleased by the sylvan beauty of the bosky bank on the opposite side, which is adorned with shrubs and trees, and festooned with emerald verdure. At length we arrive at a small village called Frosterly, which is the terminus of the railway, consequently the rest of the journey must be performed by coach. Having taken our seats, and heard the well-known "all right" of the guard, we commenced climbing the undulating road from Frosterly to Westgate. After being cooped up in the railway carriage, a rough seat on the top of the coach, with that keen bracing air, and such a romantic view, was a delightful change. On the left, we had the rippling waters of the Wear, glittering in the golden rays of the setting sun; before us, in the distance, the far off mountains, robed in a faint bluish mist, loomed like gigantic shadows; while immediately surrounding us, were wooded hills and green fields, with here and there a slight crop of corn that had

Digitized by Google

recently fallen beneath the reaper's sickle.

After a liberal share of thumping and jolting on the coach, accompanied occasionally with the harsh jar of "the break" as we descended the hills, at length we arrived at Stanhope. Here many of the passengers alighted in order to moisten their parched throats with "liquid fire;" an abundant supply of which may be readily obtained, for as I sat upon the coach I counted four or five public-houses within a stonethrow of each other, a fact which does not speak much in favour of the sobriety and abstinence of the people.

Stanhope is pleasantly situated on the northern bank of the river Wear, and is passed on the north side by the Stanhope and Tyne Railway. In addition to the Parish Church, there are two neat chapels; one belonging to the Wesleyan Methodists, and the other to the Primitives. The inhabitants are chiefly employed in the neighbouring lead mines. Formerly this was a market town, and it is said that Roman relics have often been found in the parish. At the west end of the town is the site of an ancient fortress which was destroyed by the Scots in their predatory excursions.

The time allowed for refreshment having expired, our "Jehu" mounted his box, and the passengers resumed their places, but not without tainting the pure air, and offending our olfactory nerves with the offensive fumes of ardent spirits. At length the wheels were once more in motion, and we had not proceeded far before we met a funeral procession. Upon inquiry, I was grati-

Digitized by Google

fied to learn that it was a Christian whom they were carrying to his resting place among the valley clods. There was no ostentatious pomp or parade about the funeral cortege, all was marked by elegant simplicity.

I have often witnessed the gloomy parade of the city funeral, where the simplicity of nature is sacrificed to the pomp of custom. Amid drays, and cabs, and carts, and the thunder of a thousand wheels, the mourning coaches, in gloomy procession, move on behind a "grim and heathenish hearse," decorated with sable plumes, and drawn by black horses. The hireling mourners, who make a mockery of grief, preceding and attending the corpse to the tomb. There it goes—a black pilgrimage, amid the press of an indiscriminate throng. The sombrous appearance of such a pageant may throw a momentary gloom over the spirits of the living, but we think it is not calculated to produce a deep moral impression.

In many instances our funeral habits are very faulty; they seem to express nothing but unmitigated sorrow; the idea of hope is entirely ignored. "Is it not a shame," says one writer, "that eighteen hundred years of christianity have left death as grim and dismal as a devil's cave!" Certainly there is sorrow, but there is also hope; there is consolation and victory, as well as bereavement and mourning; and yet no badge of hope, no insignia of immortal joy mingles with the black crape and sable plumes of christian heathenism around the sepulchre!

Digitized by Google

In the crowded city, too, there appears to be less real sympathy than in the rustic hamlet; hundreds die weekly, and there is no void apparent; the surging tide of population speedily fills up the vacuum. It is difficult to witness a sumptuous city funeral without thinking of Southey's forcible lines—

"Those mourners here, who from their carriages
Gape at the gaping crowd. A good march wind
Were to be prayed for now, to lend their eyes
Some decent rheum; the very hireling mute
Bears not a face more blank of all emotion
Than the old servant of the family!
How can this man have lived, that thus his death
Costs not the soiling one white handkerchief!"

Undoubtedly, hearts knit by love to the dear departed ones, suffer alike in city and in hamlet. But beyond this special circle of grief, there is only a momentary sadness, a slight gush of sympathy, as evanescent as the morning dew; for the busy bustling scenes of active life close over the grief as speedily as waters fill the void when a bucketful is drawn from the ocean. In a village of a few hundred inhabitants the case is different; all are known to each other; there are no strangers; neighbours and friends come to drop a sympathetic tear with the bereaved widow and the orphan. And joining the unostentatious funeral procession, they blend their voices over the coffin and around the grave, in singing such heaven-born, heart-cheering sentiments as these—

"Hark! a voice divides the sky,
Happy are the faithful dead!
In the Lord who sweetly die,
They from all their toils are freed.

Digitized by Google

Them the Spirit hath declared
Blest, unutterably blest;
Jesus is their great reward,
Jesus is their endless rest."

Or, perhaps, the following, so much calculated to comfort the bereaved—

"Rejoice for a brother deceas'd,
Our loss is his infinite gain;
A soul out of prison releas'd
And freed from its bodily chain;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above:
Escap'd to the mansions of light,
And lodg'd in the Eden of love."

In this instance I was pleased to see that the minister mingled with the mourners in the funeral procession, and thus manifested his sympathy with the bereaved, and his respect for the departed. The sight of the funeral cortege made a deep impression on my mind; and as the coach rolled sluggishly along, death was the theme of my meditations. Humiliating theme! How calculated to bring down the lofty spirit of pride,—to extinguish the flame of ambition,—to hush the contentions of discord! At length my musings were disturbed by the arrival of the coach at Westgate. Here I was met by my kind and intelligent friend, Mr. George Race, who gave me a most cordial welcome to his hospitable abode. After the usual family greetings, we gathered around the tea table, and were soon fully prepared to appreciate the lines of Cowper—

Digitized by Google

"Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round;
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

Saturday, September 8th.

This evening, I attended a public meeting at Westgate. Mr. Race presided, and addresses were delivered by Mr. Vickers, Mr. Watson, Rev. W. Lister, and myself. An incident was related by Mr. Watson, in reference to his sister, which may not be uninteresting. She was laid upon a bed of affliction, from which she was destined no more to rise. Being passionately fond of flowers, her afflicted husband went into the garden, plucked several, and brought the boquet to his wife, who herself lay drooping like a crushed flower. On presenting them to her, he gazed affectionately on her pale, sickness-bleached countenance, from which the roses were fled, and said, "My dear, I wish you had been able to pluck these flowers yourself." Her languid eye brightened; she looked at him with a sweet smile playing upon her lips; and then raising her emaciated arm, she pointed towards heaven, and softly whispered,

"*There* everlasting spring abides,
And *never-withering flowers.*"

She lingered on a brief period after this; her

Digitized by Google

spirit gladdened with a Father's smile; and then took her flight to those fertile plains where flowers of celestial fragrance perpetually bloom.

"Her languishing head is at rest,
Its thinking and aching are o'er;
Her quiet, immoveable breast
Is tossed by affliction no more.
Her heart is no longer the seat
Of trouble and torturing pain;
It ceases to flutter and beat,
It never shall flutter again."

Of course, this interesting incident produced an impression on the minds of the people; and to me it was especially interesting, from the peculiar train of thought I had before been indulging in. Altogether, the meeting was of a superior order. There was nothing light and frothy; but, throughout, it was deep-toned and spiritual; and, I doubt not, produced a salutary effect upon the hearts and the consciences of that large assembly.

Sunday, September 9th.

This morning, I preached at Westgate, to a very large and attentive congregation, from Mathew xxvii. 6. I had not special liberty in preaching; however, the word appeared to produce favourable impressions upon the people; many of them were deeply affected, and the crystal tear-drop glistened in many an eye.

In the afternoon, we heard a very powerful

Digitized by Google

sermon delivered by the Rev. W. Lister, from 2 Corinthians iii. 18. It was a stream of spirit-stirring eloquence; lucid, pointed, and practical.

Believing in the utility of open-air services, and feeling wishful to imitate the conduct of our great Exemplar, I took my stand in the street at five o'clock, and preached to a very large and decorous assembly from Judges iii. 20.

After which, we sang to the chapel, where I again preached at six o'clock, from Jeremiah viii. 9. The chapel was densely crowded, and God was powerfully present. At the close of the service, we held a prayer-meeting, when one soul professed to have obtained pardon through faith in Jesus Christ.

Monday, September 10th.

This morning, the weather being very favourable, I wandered forth, in company with Mr. Race, to enjoy the beautiful and romantic scenery, and to inhale the bracing mountain breeze which, free, wild, and pure, swept past us, brushing our cheeks with its health-bearing wing. The mountains of Weardale are of the carboniferous or mountain limestone formation, intersected by mineral veins, containing lead, silver, and, in some places, slight traces of copper. Their yield in lead is said to be the most prolific of any mine perhaps in England, or in the world. In some of the mines beautiful

Digitized by Google

crystals of "fluor spar" are found, of a variety of colours; that colour which is considered the most valuable is a deep green. Believing that there are lessons of wisdom to be learned from all the works of God, whether we contemplate the splendours of the starlit dome, "fretted with golden fire;" the beauties of the flower-decked earth, arrayed in its emerald robe; or the mysteries of the lamp-lit mine, with the wealth of empires locked in its granite safes; I resolved to descend into one of the mines, and there, amid its gloom endeavour to gather knowledge, and learn lessons of instruction. My companion then took me to what is termed "The Slit Mine;" we found the road very rugged, slippery, inconvenient, and dirty; nevertheless, it is rendered cheerful by the gushing song of a warbling stream, which goes flashing along over a rugged, rock-strewn channel close to the craggy footpath. How has this channel been scooped out? How have those ponderous blocks been flung upon its banks? Did some sudden rush of waters down the declivity denude and dissever those granite masses from the mountain sides? Has it been the result of some convulsive freak of nature? Or has it been the slow work of centuries? Near the mouth of the mine we found a number of men at work preparing the lead ore for the smelting furnace. Not having seen anything of the kind before, I was much interested while watching the process. In one place we saw huge heaps of stones tinted with a variety of colors, and spangled with varied specimens of spar; some of the crystals having well-defined angles

Digitized by Google

and faces. Perhaps it may be as well here to state, that the word "spar" is derived from the German "spath," and is employed, combined with specific terms, in mineralogy, to include a great variety of crystallized earthy and some metallic substances, but chiefly the former. Thus, "calcareous spar" is crystallized carbonate of lime; "fluor spar" is fluorine of calcium; "heavy spar" is sulphate of barytes, &c. By miners the term "spar" is commonly used alone to denote any bright crystalline substance; but in mineralogy, strictly speaking, it is never so employed. On examining the spar-spangled stones before us, we found that they contained a great portion of lead ore, and felt wishful to ascertain how it was separated from the stone and spar. In this we were presently gratified; for, going a little higher up, we saw a large mill, with monstrous iron teeth, similar to a bone-crusher; the stones containing the ore were placed in the mill, which at once seized them with its fangs of iron, and with a crunshing sound, broke them up as easily as a giant's foot would crush a crystal goblet. They then passed into another machine of a more complicated nature which crushed them up smaller still, until they were transformed into something like rough gravel. With slight alteration, the poet's lines are applicable:—

"Firm,
Yet trembling, it stands; while through the open
Sluices rushing floods in whirling eddies
Roll, and turn with their impetuous tide
The ponderous wheels, whose finny circuit round,

Digitized by Google

Revolving slow, set wheels in wheels complex,
With motions intricate, revolving round
On numerous axes, answering each to each;
Whose iron teeth, wide, gaping, horrible,
To gravel grind the ore, and marcasite
With crashing noise."

Thus crushed, it was placed in large, deep square sieves; which were suspended by a strong framework over a long, deep, ponderous vat, containing water; the sieves were then worked up and down in the water by means of a powerful lever, the peculiar *jerk* and the action of the water shaking up the contents; the lead being the heaviest soon found its way to the bottom of the sieve, the workman then scooped away the stones from the top and taking out the little bright lumps of lead ore which glittered some inches deep at the bottom, conveyed them away in a barrow to a clean place, preparatory to being removed to the smelting furnace. Moving on to another part of the works, we came in contact with a man breaking up large lumps of lead, just as they had come from the mine. Seeing that we were really interested, he, to gratify us, and to shew us the superior quality of the ore, brought his heavy hammer to bear upon a huge unwieldy mass; after repeated strokes it flew to pieces, when we examined them, and were surprised to find that they looked almost as pure, bright, and clean as if they had already undergone the smelting process. The ore of lead, when extracted from the mine, is called "galena," and is combined with various earthy matters. The first process subsequent to its

Digitized by Google

extraction are, as we have already described, those of crushing and washing the ore. It is then taken away to be smelted, sometimes in a common smelting furnace, and at others in a reverberatory furnace. The melted metal is allowed to run in a glittering stream into a large iron pan, from which it is ladled into cast-iron moulds. It then constitutes what is called pig-lead. In this state, it always contains more or less of silver; the proportion is sometimes exceedingly minute, varying from one to thirty ounces in a ton of lead. In the north of England, the proportion ranges from two to twenty-four ounces of silver per ton of ore; but in Cornwall, as much as a hundred ounces per ton have been obtained; and at the Beer Alston Mines, in Devonshire, even as much as a hundred and forty ounces per ton have been obtained. The process of extraction, which is called refining, depends upon the circumstance, that lead, when heated to redness, absorbs a large portion of oxygen from the air, and is converted into an oxide; while silver does not undergo any such change, but retains its metallic form at almost any temperature.

Having wandered round the works outside the mine, and being wishful to understand mining operations more fully, away we went to the time-keeper's office, where I undressed, and then robed myself in the uncouth vestments of one of the miners; consisting of a course flannel shirt, flannel drawers, fustian trousers, round jacket, and "wide-awake" hat. The miners were much amused, and laughed heartily at my very

Digitized by Google

unclerical appearance, I was then furnished with a miner's candle-stick, a very economical sort of thing, viz., a lump of clay, with a candle stuck through it; and two of the miners kindly offered to escort me through the gloomy and intricate passages of the mine. Thus equipped, like true sons of Pluto, we began to descend those dark regions by means of several dirty ladders; with due precaution holding the steps of the ladder with one hand, and our twinkling light with the other. As we descended we were occasionally baptised by a huge gaunt pumping engine, which was working closely by our sides, and groaning like a wheezy, asthmatic, worn-out giant—its long wooden limbs creaking and quivering beneath the weight of water it had to lift out of the mine. However, as patience is indispensable in the pursuit of knowledge, we took the ducking in good part, resolving to make the best of it. At length we safely reached the lower regions, about one hundred and forty yards from the top of the shaft. What a grim, black-jawed gulph! Talk of midnight! Why, even midnight has at times her sable robe agleam with gems but here it is palpable, tangible darkness. No rising sun to cheer its murky atmosphere, and interrupt its constant gloom. No silver-vested moon, in full orbed splendour, to qualify its unremitting darkness. No clustering constellation or solitary starbeam to cheer those sons of toil; but night, grim, black night, holds her solitary reign.

Pushing on through the gloom, which our glimmering candles only seemed to render more

Digitized by Google

visible, we commenced in good earnest our subterranean pilgrimage along the dark passages of the mine. I can readily imagine the terror that would be felt by a stranger, who, all alone, should lose his light amid those gloomy labyrinths; it would be next to impossible to grope his way out; consequently, if unassisted, he must die of hunger, and the mine would become his tomb. It is said that a melancholy circumstance of this nature occurred in the cavern of Adelsberg; the entrance to which was closed up by some natural convulsion, and remained inaccessible for a considerable period. Upon being re-opened, a lamentable spectacle told a tale of suffering and death. A perfectly entire skeleton was found, completely incrusted with stalactite, in an attitude contracted and agonized, with one arm clasped round a pillar as if for support, that of some unfortunate being, entangled in the mazes of the place, his torch perhaps accidentally extinguished, who here perished of hunger and exhaustion, after fruitless endeavours to find his way out of the dark and dismal abyss. In my case I felt tolerably secure, as I had one man with me as guide, and another behind me as body guard. As we wandered on through the gloom, ever and anon rich veins of ore, glinting and sparkling like jewels in the rock, flashed back the glare of our lighted candles; and, at times, we paused to examine more closely those little caverns of spar which are so numerous in those mines—glittering grottos of well-defined crystal, that "sparkle like fairy halls;" or miniature palaces of pearl, spangled with more than

Digitized by Google

oriental splendour. We were astonished and delighted with many of them, for their delicate appearance and gem-like beauty. Some of them looked like little crystal cataracts frozen in their fall. Others blazed with transparent beauty, and flashed and glittered in the candlelight like a cluster of brilliants, or a gorgeous coronet of diamonds. Others had all the appearance of a pure white snow wreath, wrought into the most fantastic forms, incrusted with airy frostwork, and jewelled over with crystal gems, in a style the most delicate. Those little caverns of crystal may indeed justly be termed nature's studio of fancy-work.

Like many of God's most wonderful works, it is probable that those crystal gems and sparkling icicles have been ages in forming. And, as far as we can learn, how simple the process; varying, wild, fantastic and beautiful as they are, all have been formed and beautified by little drops of water! "Water, containing carbonate of lime, held in solution by carbonic acid, trickling through crevices in the roofs, gradually loses its carbonic acid on exposure to the air, and deposits a pellicle of lime. By a similar process, additions are made to the depositions, pellicle after pellicle."* The glittering drop, like a bead of dew, lingers before its fall, and while it hangs, it deposits a tiny grain of crystal it then leaps down and deposits another invisible atom of crystal below. Thus, millions of drops, in thousands of years, do each their allotted work in fancifully adorning those fairy halls.

* "Caves of the earth"—page 34.

Digitized by Google

Were those caverns of crystal exposed to the admiring eye, beneath the rays of the flashing sun, we should deem it a piece of unpardonable vandalism to destroy them, infinitely worse than puritan hammers smashing up painted windows, marble statues, and idolatrous shrines. But here, they never flash beneath a brighter light than the miner's torch, and are seldom seen by the admiring eye; consequently, without any compunction, we rifled some of those jewel caskets of nature, and brought away a few splendid specimens of their contents, to show friends above-ground what nature's nimble fingers can accomplish, unassisted by the hand of art.

Having wandered on for some distance, at length we reached a line of railway, laid for the purpose of removing the metal from one part of the mine to the other. It could, however, be used for other purposes as well, for, at once they placed me in a waggon, and ran me along the rails to the other extremity of the mine. Here I alighted, and we commenced our wanderings again, and had to wade through water, mud, and mire, like cranes in a marsh. We scrambled over what they called a road, composed of splintered rocks, and ore, and stones, to the "forehead" of the mine. Here we found them boring into the rocky ribs of the earth, preparatory to blasting. The "borer," or "jumper," as the miners term it, is an iron rod or circular bar, usually about two feet in length, steeled, and formed into a flat sharp edge at the end; it is driven into the rock by one man with a heavy hammer, while

Digitized by Google

the other continually turns it round so as to expose the cutting edge to fresh surfaces of the rock. The slightest slip on the part of the striker, must inevitably bruise or break the hand of his comrade who holds the "jumper." But, it is astonishing to see with what force they swing the hammer, and yet with what precision they strike the "jumper." The pulverised matter is drawn out from time to time by a tool called a "scraper;" and, in the hole thus made, the powder and fusee are placed for blasting. We stood by and saw them put in the charge of coarse-grained blasting powder, fill up the cavity, and apply the match ready for firing. All being in readiness, we scampered off to a place of safety, leaving, however, one man to light the fusee. Having applied the light to it, he hastened to the place where we were sheltering and as we sat listening, we could distinctly hear it hissing and spitting like an irritated serpent By and bye, the powder exploded with a loud report, like the roaring of a cannon, rending the rocks and ore in pieces, and scattering them in various directions. The solemn booming sound stuns the ear, and goes thundering and echoing dolefully along the dreary passages and through the gloomy caverns of the mine, until at length it dies away in distant but savage mutterings. There is often a large amount of danger connected with this rock blasting, if great caution be not exercised. A very interesting incident connected with this dangerous work is related by the Rev. W. Arthur, which may not be out of place here. "Two miners were engaged in

Digitized by Google

sinking a shaft. In pursuit of that obscure labour, they were blasting the solid rock. They had placed in the rock a large charge of powder, and fixed their fusee so that it could not be extricated. Their proper course was to cut the fusee with a knife. Then one should ascend in their bucket—the other wait till the bucket came down again; then get into it, ignite the fusee, give the signal, and so be at the top of the shaft before the explosion. In the present case, however, they negligently cut the fusee with a stone and a blunt iron instrument. Fire was struck; the fusee was hissing, they both dashed to the bucket, and gave the signal. The man above attempted in vain to move the windlass. One could escape; both could not; and delay was death to both. One miner looked for a moment at his comrade, and slipping from the bucket, said, "ESCAPE! I SHALL BE IN HEAVEN IN A MINUTE!" The bucket sped up the shaft. The man was safe; eager to watch the fate of his deliverer, he bent to hear. Just then the explosion rumbled below; a splinter came up the shaft, and struck him on the brow, leaving a mark he will bear, all his days, to remind him of his rescue. They soon began to burrow among the fallen rock to extricate the corpse. At last they heard a voice. Their friend was yet alive. They reached him: the pieces of rock had roofed him over—he was without injury or scratch. All he could tell was that the moment his friend was gone, he sat down, lifted a piece of rock, and held it before his eyes. When asked what induced him to let the other escape,

Digitized by Google

he replied, 'I knew MY soul was safe; I was not so sure about his.'"

We now left them rock-blasting, and went to the miners' dingy dining-hall. It was a huge gloomy cavern, that had been robbed of its spar and ore, marble and icicle, crustation and crystal, and had now a very repulsive appearance; enough to shock a delicate set of nerves, for the interior looked as grim and dismal as a dragon's den. As we entered this domain of darkness, we were much amused by the singular appearance of the miners; with their dusky visages and sparkling eyes turned towards us, they looked like a lot of weird spectres or grimy goblins, each sitting in his "granite chair." But Burns has said,

> "O wad some power the giftie gie us,
> To see ourselves as others see us."

And truly, in this instance, a mirror would soon have satisfied my scruples; for what with sweat, and smoke, and dirt, I began to look as grim and goblin-like as any of them. Having entered their cavern, which looked more like a breeding place for serpents than a dining-room for human beings, we sat down amongst them, and had a cheerful and interesting conversation on matters relating both to this world and the next. They being so kind to me, in compliance with their request, I had a pleasure in singing them that beautiful stanza, commencing,

> "There is a better world, they say,
> O so bright;

Digitized by Google

Where sin and woe are done away,
O so bright;
Where music fills the balmy air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold, and mansions fair,
O so bright!"

Having spent some time in conversation and singing, at length I and my companions resumed our journey, and a rough one it was; but as I felt desirous to see all the mysteries of the mine, I cared not for difficulties; I think I felt something of the spirit of those adventurers whose motto is, "The greater the danger, the richer the relish." Indeed, those exciting scenes thrilled me with a pleasure unknown to those who have never seen nature in her subterranean recesses. Our cicerone bravely led the way, and I resolved to follow him. Sometimes we were climbing up ladders, then rambling over rocks, then wading through water, then marching through mud, then creeping through holes; at times clambering up a narrow bore, hobbling along a narrow passage, squeezing through a tortuous crevice; then going all fours, bear fashion, crawling, scrambling, struggling, laughing, and sweating most profusely; thoroughly besmeared, but highly delighted. Occasionally we met with splendid specimens of geological interest, which fully repaid us for the toils connected with the journey.

After travelling in this rough and exciting style for some time, we arrived at what appeared to be the terminus; for our passage was blocked by a rocky wall. But no—look up. There's a huge black hole, as dark as a wolf's mouth, which

Digitized by Google

opens its grim, powder-blasted jaws in the roof. Our road lies through that uninviting passage; and the only mode of access is a large rugged pole up which we have to climb, monkey fashion. We succeeded in climbing this stepless ladder, and found ourselves in a roomy place, like a monstrous cave, over-arched with splintered rock glistening ore, and sparkling spar. Here several members of our society were at work, endeavouring to obtain the precious metal; they were evidently surprised, but pleased to see me amongst them, and greeted me with the greatest cordiality. I sat down upon a rude block of ore, to have a few minutes conversation with them. I had not sat long before one of the men wished me to remove, as he thought my seat was not a very safe one; consequently I removed to a safer situation. A few moments after, a piece of rock fell from the roof upon the place where I had been sitting; and breaking, a portion of it bounced a little distance, and cut the head of one of the miners who was standing by my side; the wound was rather severe, but not dangerous; his comrade wiped away the blood, and he appeared to be no worse for the accident. I felt thankful that I had removed, and gratefully acknowledged a Father's watchful care; for had I not been warned in time, it is probable I should have received a severe wound, if not a death-stroke.

Having now spent several hours in the mine, exploring its secret recesses of varied interest, and having obtained what knowledge of them time and circumstances would allow, I returned with my guard and guide, and once more gazed

Digitized by Google

on the green earth and glorious sky, glad of an opportunity to breathe a little pure air. On emerging from those abodes of darkness into the sunlight, the effect is astonishing; everything appears to have received additional loveliness; the heavens a softer beauty, the sun a brighter gleam, the grass a richer emerald, the flowers a lovelier tint; and as the fanning breeze again salutes us, we are ready to exclaim—

"Hail!" holy light, offspring of heaven, firstborn!"

How great the privations of those noble men, many of them possessing large stores of general knowledge, and some of them having made some progress in mental philosophy, chemistry, geology, and kindred subjects; and yet daily dungeoned here in midnight gloom. But still, their condition is much better than that of the miners at Williska, in Poland; here they only work six hours per day; many of them occupying the rest of the day in intellectual culture; while in some of the vast salt mines of Poland, persons are born, and it is said, that there they live, labour, and die, without ever leaving the mine. What idea can such persons have of God's glorious works? The monarch of day, robed in golden splendour; the queen of night, veiled in silvery sheen; the starry host, gleaming like costly gems around night's sable diadem; the emerald earth, perfumed and gemmed with countless flowers. To all those glories of God's fair creation they are absolute strangers. Born amid

Digitized by Google

unremitting gloom, the brightest light they ever gaze upon is the miner's torch; and the richest pictures that ever flash before their eyes, are the vaulted galleries of mineral salt, from which, with dazzling brightness, the light of their lamps is reflected. Such are not the privations of the men in these mines; but still they have many, very many privations. How is it that no mighty mind has yet stamped with dignity the sufferings and toils of the miner? Why should the warrior and the sailor monopolize all the honours which are due to those who hazard their lives on behalf of the nation's weal? After a bloody battle, medals are struck for the living brave; while memoirs are written, and monuments reared, to perpetuate the memory of the dead. Their deeds of daring are inscribed on history's gleaming page, and incorporated with the annals of the world; but for the poor miner who toils under ground half his days, amid noxious vapours, and then dies an old man while yet young—often before forty or fifty winters have bleached his hair—for him there is no honour, and little sympathy: and yet, as a nation, we are deeply indebted to him for both the comforts and conveniences, and we may almost add, the necessaries of life.

Having climbed to the top of the shaft with the trophies of our expedition, I had now to undergo a thorough ablution, for I was literally plastered with puddle from head to foot; and my begrimed countenance, to some extent, assumed the hue of the raven's wing; indeed, so thoroughly had the dirt worked its way into the

Digitized by Google

pores of my skin, that I looked something like a South Sea Islander after he has been tattooed. Having doffed my dirty dress, and washed my grimy skin, I resumed my own habiliments, and returned to the residence of my good friend, Mr. Race, highly delighted with my morning's ramble in the mine.

In the evening, I preached again at Westgate to a crowded assembly, with unusual freedom and power, from Exodus xxxiii. 18. It was one of my happiest seasons; God was with us in a very gracious manner; every eye appeared to be secured, every ear was attentive, and at times the very breathing of the people appeared to be suspended, as they drank in the sound of mercy and salvation. At the close of the service we held a prayer meeting, when three precious souls cried to God for pardoning mercy; prayer was offered on their behalf by the church, and at length two of them were enabled to step forth "from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God."* To God be all the glory.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11TH.

I spent this morning in a very interesting conversation with Mr. Race, on important and vital subjects; it is impossible to converse with him without being pleased, instructed, and benefited.

* Romans viii. 21.

Digitized by Google

We passed the afternoon in company with a few select friends, I trust to the spiritual profit of each.

In the evening I preached at Westgate again, from Heb. xi. 4. I felt fettered throughout the whole of the sermon; I tried hard to throw off my mental shackles, but could not succeed. It was to me what good Atkinson Smith would have called "a precious humbling time." The contrast appeared so striking; the preceding evening I had been perfectly free and unfettered; everything I had ever seen, or heard, or read, or thought upon the subject, seemed to come rolling in upon my memory like a golden tide, and flowed from my tongue as easily as oil rolls over marble; but to-night my mental powers appeared to be locked up, my imagination asleep, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I could command suitable words to clothe my ideas. However, "the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." It is a consolation to know that success does not depend upon the eloquence of the preacher. The pulpit orator may kindle up all the fire of a Cicero; he may thunder and lighten with the eloquence of a Demosthenes; he may wield with giant intellect the solemn truths of revelation; he may charm and fascinate the thousands that hang upon his lips, and cause them alternately to weep and tremble; but the sinner's heart will not be shaken; there will be no penitence, no conviction, no conversion, unless the energetic influences of the Divine Spirit accompany the word. Without the presence of the Spirit, the

Digitized by Google

richest flights of fancy, the loftiest strains of eloquence, and the most vehement oratory avail nothing; they are but as the "tale told by idiocy, full of sound and fury, and signifying nothing." "Thousands of pulpit orators have swayed their audience, as a wind sways standing corn; but, in the result, those who were most affected, differed nothing from their former selves. An effect of eloquence is sufficient to account for a vast amount of feeling at the moment; but to trace to this a moral power, by which a man, for his life long, overcomes his besetting sins, and adorns his name with christian virtues, is to make sport of human nature."*

The minister who would be eminently successful in winning souls to Christ must have his mind thoroughly imbued with the sentiment,— "It is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts."† It is under the lightning flashes of the Spirit that sinners are awakened, dark minds illumined, obdurate spirits bowed, and rocky hearts broken. It is the Spirit, and the Spirit alone, that can convince, and save the sinner. Cherishing, as I do, those sentiments, I look for success, whether I preach with fluency or difficulty; knowing that God can, and often does, make the feeblest efforts "mighty, to the pulling down of strongholds."

At the close of the sermon, as usual, we held a prayer meeting; when we found that, under the word, one poor sinner had been "pricked in the heart," the penitential cry for mercy quivered

* Tongue of Fire, p. 104. † Zeck. iv. 6.

Digitized by Google

on his lip; at length he was enabled to cast his burden, by faith, upon the atonement; joy took possession of his spirit as he emerged "out of darkness into God's marvellous light," and he was enabled

> "To read his title clear
> To mansions in the skies."

I left the sanctuary, grateful to God for this proof of his presence and power.

Having again reached the domicile of my friend, before retiring to rest, we made arrangements for a trip on the morrow over the heath-clad hills, in order to visit a celebrated waterfall, called "Cauldron Snout." We had a trip of a similar nature last year. Perhaps a brief description of it may not be without interest; for although twelve months have rolled away since we last lingered among the enchanting scenes I wish to describe, still the scenery is vividly before my eye; it is like a lovely picture painted on my soul. In the truthful words of the eloquent Wylie, "Time mellows memories, and if the pictures presented to our view lose a little in exactness, they lose nothing in beauty and feeling by the lapse of time and the influence of the imagination." No,

> "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:
> Its loveliness increases."

It was a fine autumnal morning, the first full gush of the morning light had scarcely shed its rich radiance over hill and dale, when a party of

Digitized by Google

us started, with buoyant spirits, for Tees High Force; a noble waterfall, about eight miles from Westgate. A kind friend furnished me with a spirited horse to ride over the mountains, and I was accompanied by five of the trustees; "social friends attuned to happy unision of soul." As we climbed the mountain side, I was charmed with the beauty and the novelty of the scenery. The mountain's tresses were all jewelled over with the silver dew and the hoar frost, while here and there a solitary icegem glittered in the morning light. Then the pure, keen, bracing air, and the fragrance of the mountain heather, added to our enjoyment; for they seemed to invigorate the system and impart an unusual elasticity of spirit. I could fully sympathise with the eloquent Spencer T. Hall, when he exclaimed, "How I do enjoy a free scamper over the brow of a heathery mountain! At such a time one seems to be lifted up above all the artifices and pettinesses of life, and to scorn all slavishness and meanness of every kind! I would give little for that man who could bound at will over the lofty moorlands, without feeling contempt for every thing narrow, cribbed, or crabbed, on returning."

We were much amused by the antics of a little wicked Welch pony we saw on the summit of the first mountain. Its owner, who was a miner, was on his way to work at a distant lead mine, and his pony was laden with tools and provisions for the week; but no sooner had this little lover of liberty reached the brow of the mountain, than it began to go through a series of gymnas-

Digitized by Google

tics, snorting, prancing, kicking, and frolicking, with the utmost abandon. Tools and provisions were scattered right and left; away flew hammers, jumpers, picks, and gads, and gauges, and all the paraphernalia necessary for dining and mining; while, with nostrils distended, eyes flashing, ears and tail erect, away the little creature scampered over the heath-clad common, evidently enjoying the sport; and the poor miner, with a doleful countenance, commenced looking among the ling and fern for his bread and beef, tools and beer. We could not help laughing at the comical scene; however, sympathising with the poor man, we gave chase to his pony, and, after a time, succeeded in capturing the little fugitive, and delivered him safely into the hands of his owner.

We had now to ride over majestic mountains, covered with furze and haunted by moor game, which, ever and anon, with a surly note, flew screaming away at our approach, as if angry at the disturbance. As these beautiful birds rose and settled around us, it afforded me no satisfaction to think that, ere long, many a strong pinion which was then fluttering would be broken, and many a speckled breast, then plump and bright, would be ruffled and blood-stained by the shot of the sportsman. As we rode along, a lovely panorama presented itself to our view. In the distance, on the one hand, we had some of the mountain slopes, clothed with a carpet of emerald velvet, singularly beautiful,—such a fine, rich, glowing green we seldom gaze upon. It is like a beautiful picture; the eye

Digitized by Google

never seems to be weary of resting upon it. Then, stretching away on the other hand, as far as the eye could reach, blue mountains, robed in a gauze-like mist, towered towards the heavens, as if anxious to kiss the passing clouds. Some of them appeared like grim giants amongst ordinary hills. Occasionally, we came to a Burn, that is, a rivulet, that runs splashing down the mountain side with a silvery tinkling sound.

"Those pure, translucent brooklets, rippling, wend
Through mossy banks, and murmur as they flow
Where pensile flowers, like bashful virgins bend,
To see their beauties in the waves below,
That kiss their perfumed lips, and in their blushes glow."

I was much amused with the manner in which our horses crossed them. Instead of leaping, as I expected, they placed their fore-feet together on the top of the bank, and gently glided down. They were evidently accustomed to the work. Whilst on the brow of one of the mountains, we could distinctly hear the hoarse barytone of the waterfall. It was like the rumbling of distant thunder, or the monotonous music of the ever-murmuring sea, although at the distance of two miles.

Arrived at the outskirts of The Force, we put up our horses at the High Force Inn. This is a most delightful summer residence, said to be more than one thousand feet above the level of the sea. I was glad to find the hostess a creditable member of our society, despite the severe opposition she has had to encounter. Having

Digitized by Google

partaken of a little refreshment, off we started for The Force,

> "To see the dashing waterfall, like some
> Wild maniac, leaping down the cliffs
> Into the gulph profound,—broke, dashed, and
> Ground to shivers as it falls."

We wound our way along a tortuous path, through a beautiful shrubbery, which led to the water; and although we could not see, yet we could hear the thunder-boom of the torrent; and truly there was majesty in its mighty tone. Onward we went, surrounded by trees and shrubs, rocks and flowers. At length, we reached The Force. I was enchanted with the scene. There the water came rolling and roaring down, like tumbling torrents of quicksilver; the glittering spray and sheets of foam flying about as if instinct with life; and then sparkling, curling, hissing, leaping, boiling, onward, with resistless force, the torrent rushed! Ever and anon, a huge wave, dressed in silvery sheen, and shaking its snow-white crest with a flash of phosphoric light, would come sweeping on with a loftier front and a mightier rush than the rest, and dash wildly over the precipice, with a roar and a crash like "a chorus of thunders." It is indeed a sublime and spirit-stirring scene: the sombre hues of the green stone cliffs, the constant rush and roar of the wild waters, the sudden contraction of the rock-ribbed channel, the variety of verdure that blooms on the banks, and the waving branches of the ornamental trees,—all combine to make a very effective and fascinating picture.

Digitized by Google

The height of the cataract from the base to the summit is said to be eighty feet. The water comes rushing over a cliff of greenstone, resting on shale and limestone; "the shale prismatized by the heat of the trap, but the limestone not bleached as that above the trap is."* Some distance below the fall, the river goes storming along its rocky bed with a swift current, and is crossed by a bridge, locally called The Winch, or Miner's Bridge, which furnishes a fine prospect from its lofty arch. On one side of the river, there are huge blocks of solid slate-pencil and Basaltic rock, piled tier on tier; which are constantly crumbling away, and occasionally fall with a tremendous crash into the bed of the river. On the opposite side, there are immense masses of greenstone rock, heaped up by the mighty hand of nature, like cliffs on the ocean's shore. There they stand, in silent, frowning majesty, like a number of old baronial castles, or the buttresses and bastions of some ancient citadel; their foundations remaining firm, though constantly washed and laved with the limpid stream. Those gigantic cliffs of greenstone run parallel to the river for several miles.

Having spent some time below the waterfall, we commenced climbing some rude steps cut in the rock, and by a circuitous route, we reached the summit of the torrent; and leaning over a dry portion of the rock ledge, gazed down upon the foaming water below. Some little distance above the fall, the river spreads itself out like a

* Phillips.

Digitized by Google

fan, over a broad, shallow bed, which is strewn with huge masses of splintered rock, and thousands of black boulders and broken stones. These sturdy impediments, by breaking the smooth and even flow of the current, add much to its beauty. The water comes fretting and foaming down, and tumbles over these rugged obstacles in little laughing, dancing, whirling eddies; then away it goes with glee, leaping, bounding, bubbling, and sparkling most beautifully.

Sweetly do those little wavelets and waterfalls vary their cadence. Now you hear them bursting forth with a joyful gush, into full, wild warblings, and again sinking down into dreamy sweetness, to the softest swells and falls of dulcet melody. Anon, you see them flashing off into little pools or lakelets, bright and beautiful, expanding in the sunshine, clear as crystal, and serene as the light; then your eye is caught by the silvery sheen of a little bright curvetting waterfall, gushing down in sparkling beauty, and laughing aloud as it runs, with a flashing eye of delight, to join its tiny foam-crested companions.

At length we resolved to cross the river, by means of those rude granite blocks, and slippery water-washed boulders. So off we started, gliding, jumping, and skipping from stone to stone. Sometimes they were so smooth and slippery, that in spite of our efforts, down we came, and like water spaniels, were splashing and floundering in the clear current. Perhaps one had no sooner done laughing at his fallen companion,

Digitized by Google

than there was a slip, a plunge, a full tumble, and down he came sprawling, and almost kissing the stone he ought to have stood upon; then amid peals of laughter from the rest, he would scramble to his feet as quickly as possible, and shaking the water from his dress, congratulated himself that he had not got a deeper duck. I lost my foothold twice, and came sprawling down, to the no small amusement of my companions, but succeeded in crossing the river with only the submersion of my legs. A man cuts a rather ludicrous figure on his hands and knees in the water, the stream eddying around him as unconcerned as if he were only a log of wood, or a block of stone. However, with wet legs and unruffled tempers, we at length reached the opposite shore, and wandered at will among the beautiful mountain heather. This is a very common low-tufted shrub, with small sessile, closely imbricated leaves; the flowers vary in colour from a deep red to a white. One writer speaking of it, says, "I have found that if heath be cut when young and in bloom, and the finer parts infused in a teapot it produces a pleasant liquid, not only grateful to the taste and well-flavoured, but extremely wholesome, and, in many points of view, preferable to the tea that comes from China." While another writer viewing it, learns from it a spiritual lesson,

"Nature's lowliest, loveliest child!
Growing on the moorlands wild,
Thy lowly, and yet hardy form,
A useful lesson gives to me,
To brave the blast, and dare the storm,
In humble, calm serenity."

Digitized by Google

We also spent some time in gathering juniper berries, which grow here in rich profusion. The Juniper or "Juniperus Communis," is a hardy evergreen shrub, and may be found growing wild in nearly all the mountain districts of Europe. Sometimes it will grow as high as ten feet. The berries are not ripe the first year, but continue green two summers and one winter. When ripe, they are of a dark blue colour. They are much used in the manufacture of gin; and it is on account of their diuretic properties that gin is often used. We think, however, that the better plan would be to make a tea of the berries, by which means all the good properties might be extracted, and the destructive alcohol avoided. It is said that every part of this plant is medicinal, and that it can scarcely be paralleled for its virtues. In warm climates the wood yields a gum called Gum Sandaric; the tops in infusion or decoction are used as a diuretic, and the berries yield an essential oil which is separated from them by distillation. The berries are now chiefly used; they have a strong but not unpleasant odour, aud a pungent warm taste, followed by a sweetish one, and afterwards a bitter. Their constituents are an essential oil, a sweetish mucilage, and a portion of bitter extract. Their active properties are elicited both by water and spirit.

Having spent some time among the juniper bushes, gathering the berries, and gazing on the torrent of water as it came furiously dashing over the greenstone cliff, we sat down on the jutting moss-covered crags, and sang the hymn commencing—

Digitized by Google

"I'll praise my maker while I've breath," &c.

to the tune of "Creation;" we needed no bass voice, as double bass was hoarsely howled by the grand and solemn organpipe of the waterfall. Having remained as long as we deemed prudent in our damp clothes, we left this wild sylvan scene, and wandered back to the inn, where dry clothes were kindly provided for me until I could with safety resume my own.

We now sat around the festive board and partook of "the cup which cheers but not inebriates." Having satisfied the cravings of nature, we surrounded the glowing grate, and blended our voices in singing some of Zion's sweetest songs, and in delightful converse about the deep things of God. Our hearts were warmed with fire from the celestial altar, and we unitedly adored the glorious Giver of every good. We felt, if we did not utter, the mountain prayer of the poet,*

"How beautiful are all thy works, O God!
The starry heaven and the flowery lea,
The golden cloudlet and the emerald sod,
Touch'd with thy love, all testify of Thee!

These rocks around us, pouring down sweet rills;
Yon moors outstretching in the distance grey,
The pastures spread between those wood-crowned hills,
And homes that dot the landscape every way;—

With the pure rivulet that along the vale
Wanders from mill to mill—from fall to fall—
Now shouting loud, now whispering low, its tale
Of use and loveliness to gladden all;—

Creator blest! let not from year to year
Such scenes glow on unnoticed by the throng

* Spencer T. Hall.

Digitized by Google

Of those who live to toil or loiter here,
But wake our spirits with an impulse strong!

Make us to feel what joy may be deriven
From such a Paradise by Thee prepared!
Make us to know that all that Thou hast given
Grows not the less for being by all men shared!

Creator blest—whose love the wide earth fills,
Who hast made all things well!—O, evermore,
Pour out the light of mind among these hills,
And teach us, while ENJOYING, to ADORE!"

The time having at length arrived for our departure, I remounted my spirited steed; and soon found that had I not being accustomed to the saddle, I should ere long have been treated to an uncomfortable bed among the heather. However, climbing the mountain side somewhat tamed the fiery spirit of my prancing companion, and I began to feel more at ease. We had not accomplished more than half of our homeward journey, when the mist began to trail its snowy skirts along the dark brows of the heath-covered hills; so that we soon found ourselves enveloped in one of those dense mountain mists of which I had often heard, and felt wishful to see. It hung around us in dense folds, like huge curtains; and although the sun was yet high in the heavens, its fiery rays were unable to penetrate this mountain drapery. Indeed, so intense was the cloudy canopy which curtained the whole landscape, that nothing was perceptible at the distance of thirty yards; and every object within that distance assumed such immense proportions, and was magnified so far beyond its just dimen-

Digitized by Google

sions, that sheep looked like oxen, and men like giants.

Thus we dashed on through the fog, our outer garments thoroughly saturated. I had often heard of "a Scotch mist, that would wet an Englishman to the skin," but was now gratified with the sight of one, and also felt its effects. I could now fully appreciate the beautiful lines of Scott,—

"The evening mists, with ceaseless change,
Now clothe the mountain's lofty range,
Now leave their foreheads bare;
And round the skirts their mantle furl,
Or on the sable waters curl,
Or on the eddying breezes whirl,
Dispersed in middle air.
And oft condensed, at once they lower,
When, brief and fierce, the mountain shower,
Pours like a torrent down;
And when return the sun's glad beams,
Whitened with foam, a thousand streams
Leap from the mountain's crown."

At length we arrived at Westgate, and again reached the residence of Mr. Race, hungry, wet, and cold; we were cordially received, and nature's wants were kindly and plentifully supplied. After having meditated on the important lessons concerning God, taught in the gorgeous temple of nature, we now prepared, by further meditation and prayer, to enter the sanctuary, there to worship the Father of Spirits.

Night had now donned her sable diadem, and swayed over the earth her ebon sceptre. The clouds were drifting along the sky, while here

Digitized by Google

and there a solitary star might be seen trembling amid the gloom. The rain was falling in drizling showers, and the atmosphere was cold and clammy. However, in spite of the dirty road and the remorseless rain, the people bravely crowded to the house of God, which was literally packed with attentive hearers. I preached with great freedom and power, from 1 Thes. iv. 14. The word was as a hammer to break the rock in pieces; or rather I should say, it fell upon the hearts of the people like sunbeams upon flakes of snow; tears flowed from almost every eye, sobs and spiritual acclamations were heard in various parts of the chapel; God was powerfully present, and we have reasons to believe that deep and permanent impressions were made on many minds.

At the close of the service, the singers musically blended their voices, as a portion of the congregation retired; after which, we held a public prayer meeting. On leaving the pulpit, I found a young man knelt, sobbing and praying, under the gallery, in deep distress of soul. I took him by the hand, and conducted him into the singers' pew, where, with streaming eyes, he cried most earnestly for mercy. He had not knelt long before he was joined by his pious, grey-haired father, who knelt by his side, and, with a gushing heart, in tremulous tones, pleaded for the salvation of his son. This was the first time the aged veteran had ventured to pray in public; but the sight of his penitent praying son, had stirred his soul to its utmost depths, the fountain of sympathy was unsealed, and his pent-up

Digitized by Google

feelings gushed forth in fervent prayer. How true is the sentiment of the poet—

> "Our sympathies too oft lie deep,
> Like rills within a rock;
> And gush not till they meet
> Some mighty, startling shock."

There they knelt, weeping and praying side by side; the spring and winter of manhood bowing before the same merciful God. We were deeply affected by the sight, and it would have required a heart of stone or steel to refuse the sympathetic tear. My gratitude and joy were increased when I was informed that the old man was the father, and the younger one the brother, of my much-esteemed friend and colleague, the Rev. J. Gibson. After a lengthened struggle, the young man's burdened spirit was relieved—his spiritual chains were broken by an Unseen Hand, and his now happy soul was "filled with joy and peace in believing." He rose from his knees, his eyes yet dimmed with tears, and publicly declared that "God for Christ's sake had pardoned his sins." A joyous smile played upon his countenance, telling us more eloquently than words that the storm-cloud had gone, and that now all was peace and sunshine within.*

* This interesting and promising youth has since gone home to his heavenly rest, and is now "clothed upon" with more than "an angel's floating pomp—a seraph's glowing grace." He held fast the beginning of his confidence, and died in triumph. For his memoir, see the Primitive Methodist Magazine for 1856, p. 383. His biographer says—"The day after his conversion, one of

Digitized by Google

While "the sacramental host of God's elect" were still breathing their wishes to the throne, a young female knelt at the penitent's form, and, with streaming eyes and agitated voice, cried for mercy. She knelt weeping, trembling and pleading for upwards of two hours. I endeavoured to explain to her, simply and clearly, the way of salvation; pointed out to her the willingness of Christ to save, the precious promises he has made to the penitent; and assured her that if by simple faith she reposed her all upon the atonement, Christ would pardon and accept her.

his old pleasurable vanities presented itself in the hunt going on where he was. The temptation to join, on the solicitations of his old companions, was strong. He retired for prayer, and grace helped him to conquer. Having changed his Master, he changed his company, becoming a companion of them that fear the Lord. * * * He cultivated a taste for reading, was anxious to improve his mind, and, no doubt, had his life been spared, he would have been a useful member in the church of Christ. His career, however, was to be short. The affliction—consumption—which carried him off the stage of life, discovered its insidious march about six months after his conversion; so that his pathway into the last valley was lingering. Yet, amidst declining strength, his heart was often cheered. As he neared the heavenly Canaan, the grapes of Eschol grew sweeter—the vision of glory brightened. To his leader, who visited him, he faintly whispered, 'I have just had a bad fit; it will soon be over; but my foundation is good; Christ is precious. I am going to glory; my mother is there. May we all meet in heaven.' As he said, so it was: in a little while all was still. The spirit had fled, and he had undoubtedly entered the heavenly rest." Thus died Ralph Gibson, in the twenty-first year of his age, and only fifteen months after his conversion. To the young this speaks, trumpet-tongued, "Be ye also ready."

Digitized by Google

At length, light broke in upon her mind; she was enabled by faith to roll her burden of guilt upon the atonement, and to rely on Jesus as *her* Saviour.

She retired from the sanctuary with a lightened heart, a peaceful conscience, and an assurance of the Divine smile. I was much gratified to learn that she was the niece of my esteemed colleague, the Rev. W. Lonsdale.

I thought it a somewhat remarkable circumstance that I should wander so many miles from home, to preach special sermons, and that individuals so nearly allied to my colleagues in the ministry should be brought to the foot of the Saviour. To him who is omnipotent in power and infinite in mercy, be all the praise!

Wednesday, September 12th.

"The bright-eyed morn! Down from the skies she comes,
Once more to wake the voices of the woods,
And breathe a freshening gladness o'er the world!
Upon the mighty hills she steppeth first,
And rouseth up the dwellers of the steep.
But nowhere may she linger long:—with wings
Of light that pale the far-retiring moon,
And lovely star that heralds her approach,
She hastens on her way. And now her eye
Has caught the valleys and the plains below;
And down she comes o'er chasms yawning wide,
O'er rocks that seem o'erlaid with liquid gold,
O'er cataracts and torrents loud and fierce,
That flash and sparkle in her sunny smiles—
She comes, she comes, the laughing morn! And now
She dances o'er the meadows and green lawns;

Digitized by Google

And every dewdrop brightens in her gaze;
And all the forest birds pipe in her train—
All join harmonious in one happy strain—
A very flood of music, wild and free!"

So sweetly sang the poet Maudslay, of some enchanting scene that fired his imagination; and so as truthfully might he sing of this.

It was just such a lovely morning when, with two companions, Mr. Race and the Rev. W. Lister, I started for Cauldron Snout—a splendid waterfall in Teesdale, near the rise of the noble river Tees, about eleven miles from Westgate. It was one of those clear, cloudless mornings with which we are often visited in autumn. The golden orb of day was rolling in calm and silent majesty through the heavenly expanse of blue, which was stretched like "terrible crystal" over our heads; and his golden rays fringed the floating clouds with beauty, and gilded with mellow lustre the summits of the mountains with which we were surrounded; while down the mountain side came sweeping the gentle breeze which fanned our cheeks with its health-bearing wings. "The sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets" could hardly be more salubrious and delightful. The gossamer webs were strung with diamond dewdrops, sparkling and glittering in the sun. The feathered songsters were warbling forth their melodious notes, and thus enlivened the scene. I felt grateful to God for my existence, and especially for my existence as a *christian*. I could see, enjoy, and admire nature; and not only so, but my mind could "rise from nature up to nature's God,"

Digitized by Google

and adore him as the bounteous Giver of all I see and enjoy.

On our way to the waterfall, we rode through a little busy town called St. John's, and over a noble mountain called Three Curricks—down into the valley of Langden, to the Fisher's Inn, where we left our conveyance. We now started off on foot, expecting to enjoy a beautiful, breezy walk across the enclosed pasture land. Whilst making our way to a slate-pencil mill, on the banks of the noisy Tees, our attention was attracted by a rare phenomenon in the heavens. There appeared a large white circle, placed horizontally on the azure sky, which was undimpled by a single cloudlet. At the outer edge of the circle, "the golden-tressed sun" was burning in all his brilliancy. Around the sun was a small white perpendicular circle, and where the smaller circle intersected the larger one, there was a Parhelion, or Mock Sun, robed in all the beauteous hues of the rainbow.* Thus we had three suns in a row, our own golden fountain of light in the centre, with a parhelion, or mock sun on each side of him. This peculiar and beautiful phenomenon lasted from about half-past nine o'clock to half-past ten; but although

* "*A Parhelion, or Mock Sun*, is a meteor in the form of a very bright light appearing on one side of the sun, and somewhat resembling the appearance of that luminary. This phenomenon is supposed to be produced by the refraction and reflection of the sun's rays from a watery cloud. Sometimes three or four of those parhelia, all of them bearing a certain resemblance to the real sun, have been seen at one time."—Vide Dr. Dick's Christian Philosopher, Vol. I, page 59.

Digitized by Google

it continued so long, we learned afterwards that it was not seen by any of our friends at Westgate, though only at a distance of ten miles; thus it appears we were just at the right angle for refraction.

After gazing for some time at this beautiful and rare phenomenon, we pushed on towards the Tees, a river to which Yorkshire and Durham have equal claims. This river rises among the loftiest and most lonely mountains on the Penine Chain; for its main stream comes down from the east side of Cross Fell, said to be 2901 feet above the level of the sea. Leaping from its mountain-cradle with a joyful gush, it comes murmuring along as if singing to cheer its solitude; and is joined by several tributary streams on its way, until at length it attains ample volume and copious flow. Here, however, as at High Force, the river is wide and shallow, and its bed is thickly strewn with broken boulders and huge masses of splintered rock. Although scattered about in delectable confusion, they sometimes lie so as to form natural steps or terraces; around which the rushing water curves and sparkles like a necklace of diamonds, or over which it leaps and tumbles in glittering cascades. "How an American would smile," says one writer, "on hearing that such little rivulets as these are called rivers, and have ancient names! They are such as we have, however, and to him who can look on nature with a microscopic as well as with a telescopic eye, they abound in beauties, and bear with them from age to age the charm of history."

Digitized by Google

Having reached the opposite side of the river, with feet more damp than desirable, we went to the slate-pencil mill, and saw the process through which the pencil has to go before it is ready for the little nimble fingers that have to use it. The building is rude, dilapidated, and unattractive, the very target of the winter wind; treeless, bare, and weather-stained; it has been pelted by the mountain storm, until it has assumed as dark and dingy a colour as the rocks that surround it. It would, indeed, be a blot upon the landscape were it not for the monotonous music and silvery spray of its splashing mill-wheel.

Leaving the mill, we proceeded towards the waterfall, which has been aptly termed, "the tongue of the glen." By and bye, we came to a deep rocky *gorge*, as rugged and wild as the forsaken bed of a mountain torrent; scattered over with gigantic rocks, thrown by some terrible commotion in the wildest confusion. How have those immense *gulleys*, or *gorges*, been formed? Were they scooped out by the Almighty hand at the time the earth was created? Were they produced by what are termed "secondary causes"—the operation of submarine currents, when the ocean rolled its mighty tide in those mountain regions? Are they some of the huge furrows made by the watery ploughshare of the Noachian deluge? Or have they been gradually eroded by the long-continued action of post-diluvian rivers, of which the present shallow streams are the shrunken representatives? Such questions naturally present themselves to the

Digitized by Google

mind while gazing at those immense gorges; questions more easily asked than answered.

On one side of this rocky ravine, we had a huge, rough, lightning-splintered crag, bending its beetling brows, and frowning on us with leaden aspect, called *Chronkly Scar;* as it lifts its jagged peak with rugged bluffness it has a most stern and wild appearance, its precipitous sides having been torn by some convulsion of nature into a variety of romantic shapes. "Here the geologist may be interested by the metamorphic condition of the limestone which rests on the thick mass of the Whin Sill. It is, in fact, converted to a crystallized white rock of very large grain, which easily disintegrates into loose crystalline sand. It is sometimes called Sugar Limestone. On this peculiar surface, *Cistus Marifolius, Hippocrepis comosa, and Arenaria verna* may be gathered in July, and *Draba incana* at an earlier part of the year. In neighbouring situations occur, *Gentiana verna, Bartsia alpina, Dryas octopetala, Thalictrum alpinum,* and *Lycopodium alpinum.*"*

On the opposite side of the ravine, there rises a majestic mountain, with its craggy, thunder-split summit, called *Falcon Clint;* so named from its being a breeding place for falcons; it is now infested with wild hawks, some of which we saw sailing about the loftiest crags. They would poise themselves upon the wing, and then suddenly dart down the long vista of the opening valley with almost lightning swiftness!

* Phillip's Yorkshire, page 17.

Digitized by Google

The noisy Tees, with its shallow babbling waters, rippling, dashing, and sparkling among the rocks and boulders, rolls on its stone-encumbered course, winding like a thread of silver between the two mountains, and contains an abundance of fine trout. Here and there, in the distance, may be seen black-faced sheep and white-washed cottages, dotting the mountain sides, and making the scenery more picturesque. It is a lonely spot for the residence of human beings, circled as it is by huge hills, and walled by grey rocks; with no companion save the fair wild flowers; no murmur save the hum of the honey bee; no whisper save that of the zephyrs; no music save the song of the waterfall, the howling of the hurricane, the roaring of the wild wind, and the deep bass voice of rumbling thunder. But still, the bright sparkle of sunlit waters and daisy-gemmed pastures is not wanting. The scene is indeed solitary, but rudely beautiful.

Having wandered some distance up the gorge, we sat down to a "pic nic," at the base of Falcon Clint,—

> "A rock, by nature carved, our seat;
> The moss a cushion for our feet."

It was a most enchanting banquetting hall; our walls the cragged rocks, carved and adorned by nature's mystic hand: our canopy the azure sky, with "that one blazing diamond we call the sun," glittering on its cerulean arch; while here and there a little cloudlet would hang,—

> "As though an angel in his upward flight,
> Had left his mantle floating in mid-air."

Digitized by Google

A beautiful crystal spring, glittering like a gem set in emerald, came silently welling up beside us, cold almost as ice, and pure as ether; and having supplied us with a refreshing beverage, away it went in sparkling beauty to join the turbulent Tees. The silver sound of this crystal stream forcibly reminds one of Paul Denton's bold and eloquent apostrophe,—"There is the liquor which God, the Eternal, brews for his children! Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odours and rank corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the red deer wanders, and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, low down in the deepest valleys, where the fountain murmurs, and rills sing; and high upon the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters, like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods and the thunderstorms crash; and away far out on the wide, wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar the chorus, sweeping the march of God,—there he brews it, that beverage of life, healthgiving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty; gleaming in the dewdrops; singing in the summer rain; shining in the icegem, till the trees all seem turned to living jewels; spreading a veil over the setting sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon; sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hailshower; folding its bright snow-curtains softly about the wintry world;

Digitized by Google

and weaving the many-coloured iris, that seraph's zone of the sky, whose warp is the raindrop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, checked over with celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction. It is always beautiful, that blessed life-water! No poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder; no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep not burning tears in its depths; no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair. Speak out, my friends—Would you exchange it for demon drink alcohol?" My heart responds, No! no! Give me water—pure, clear, crystal water; the rill, the stream, or the torrent, which gushes in bright beauty from the rugged sides of our cloud-crested mountains. This is the drink for me!—just as my Heavenly Father brews it. And here, at the base of this mountain, I drank it, from the moss-fringed fount, as it bubbled up, cool and clear, before me. Truly John Edwards was right, when he exclaimed,

"Hail, WATER! Beautiful thy gushing springs,
Thy lakes and rivers, shrined in clouds or dew,
In ice or snow, or where the rainbow flings
Its radiant arch, in every form or hue,—
Thou glorious element, art ever fair and new!"

Having finished our repast, we rambled on again under the shadow of the mountain, the base of which is Jew limestone, and the summit basaltic rock. Here and there a lovely mountain ash might be seen, in full bloom, growing out of the

Digitized by Google

rents and fissures of the sterile crags. The mountain ash is an ornamental tree, with an erect stem and orbicular head! adorned with clusters of white flowers and loose bunches of scarlet berries. It is found growing wild in most parts of Europe; it does not, however, attain equal magnitude in all climates. This tree has enjoyed from remote times a distinguished reputation; it is the Rowan Tree, or Roan Tree of the Scotch, whose boughs were supposed to be a protection against witchcraft. Indeed, a belief in its power against witchcraft and evil spirits of all kinds, seems to have been prevalent at a very early period. As we wandered on, a Scotch rose would occasionally display its charms, and embellish the rugged scenery; giving us the idea of exquisite beauty reposing in the stern lap of rugged sublimity. The Scotch rose is a dwarf, compact, green bush, with creeping roots; and may be found growing wild in the mountainous districts and sea-coasts of all Europe, and also in the Caucasus. It is said that this was the only rose found by Sir W. Hooker in Iceland. Ever and anon, birds called ring ouzels would dart out from their hiding places, with unexpected noise, and skim down the deep gorge, or soar to the summit of the mountain crag. The ring ouzel, or ring blackbird, is a periodical visitant to our island, arriving in spring, and resorting to the mountain districts to breed. This elegant species haunts the wildest and most rocky parts of glens or ravines; building its nest, which in form and texture resembles that of the blackbird, on steep banks, under the covert of

Digitized by Google

heath or amidst mosses, which conceal it from observation, or, as in the present instance, in the fissure of rocks. The male warbles his song, consisting of a few clear notes, while perched on the top of some bluff or crag. Ornithologists tells us that, during the breeding time, the ring ouzel becomes exceedingly bold, and drives other birds from the vicinity of its nest. It will even fly at dogs and other animals, uttering loud outcries as it strikes them. About the end of October, it leaves us for warmer climates.

Altogether, this is a scene of thrilling interest: wild hawks soaring overhead, ring ouzels darting from the mountain crag, and skimming down the glen; the Scotch rose and mountain ash blooming amid sterility; the rippling waters glinting and singing in the sunlight; and the huge precipices of lightning-splintered rock rearing their rugged forms before us,—all combine to blend beauty with sublimity, and deeply impress the mind. I stood, at times, in this magnificent temple of nature, awed into silence, and inspired with sentiments of veneration. From the frowning summits of the surrounding mountains, a thousand ages seem to look down upon us. Those ancient, brown-faced, moss-covered rocks, alternately brightened and shaded under the influence of the sun-gilded and thunder threatening sky, could they speak, what strange mysteries they would reveal—what tales of wonder they would tell of the sweeping storms to which they have been exposed—of the crashing thunders which have rolled and roared above them—and of the marvellous geological processes

Digitized by Google

through which this region has reached its present state.

Those old grim, grey, granite peaks—how varied the dresses they wear!—now, robed in golden sunlight; anon, wrapped in cloudy shadows; then veiled in the soft, silvery light shed down by the pale moon and twinkling stars; by and bye, darkened by howling winter storms, while clouds, big with muttering thunders, and seamed with lurid fire, twine their turbans of darkness around each sullen brow; anon, crystal-sheathed in ice, or, like a vestal virgin in purest white, enveloped in the veil of winter's snow. But words are empty. Here, amid Nature's noble negligence and rude magnificence, we can only gaze and think! The soul gives herself up entirely to a dreamy, delicious enchantment. I stood, at times, lost in rapturous bewilderment, while fancy and feeling were weaving their rich embroidery; thoughts came rolling in upon my mind all bathed in sunlight; it was indeed a delicious day-dream, which has indelibly daguerreotyped itself upon my memory!

Having wandered some distance up the gorge, the bound and roar of the flood fell more distinctly upon our ears; its mighty thunder-boom drowning every other sound. At length, we arrived at the extremity of the cascade; here the wild waters having struggled through their barriers of black volcanic rock, were leaping about in the sunlight, robed in silvery sheen, as if overjoyed at having escaped from the tumbling and tossing, the chafing and fretting of the fall.

Digitized by Google

And then, being joined by a tributary stream, the infant river warbled on its way,

"With its usual flow, and its ancient song!"

Those two streams here form the boundary of three counties; so that we could stand in Durham, and throw a stone over Westmoreland into Yorkshire.

At length we climbed up a steep, jagged foot-path crested with bristling crags, and festooned with moss and mountain heather; and stood upon the rude bridge which spans the cataract. This bridge is said to be 1489 feet above the level of the sea. After a heavy rain, the water comes pouring down the steep with such violence, and flings the spray to such a distance, that a person standing upon the bridge would soon be drenched to the skin. There is more rugged majesty, more striking grandeur, and more of the sublimely beautiful by far about this torrent, than there is at Tees High Force, which has already been described. Here, ponderous fragments of splintered rock are flung up in vast unshapely heaps, as if a dozen fortresses had been overthrown; and, for the distance of several hundred yards, they form a rough rocky channel for the tameless torrent, which comes surging onward in mad career, and flings itself over a greenstone cliff two hundred feet high; from whence it bounds and leaps, and roars, as it rushes down the subjacent declivity; forcibly reminding one of a passage in Schiller's poem on "The Diver"—

Digitized by Google

"Lo, the wave that for ever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the charybdis again;
And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom,
And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commix'd and contending,
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin upsoars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And it never *will* rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is labouring the birth of a sea."

This boisterous cataract forms the boundary between Durham and Westmoreland.

As we stand and gaze at this torrent, flashing and gleaming in the golden sunlight, like waves of polished steel crested with wreathes of snow, a strange contrast meets the eye; the shapely and uncouth, the smooth and rugged, the graceful and grotesque, are thrown negligently side by side. On one hand, we have a huge mountain piled up by the "thunder-clasping hand of the Almighty;" bare, bald, barren, and craggy; while the opposite mountain is richly adorned with a diadem of emerald verdure, and from brow to base, as it slopes gradually down to the bed of the river, it is smooth and velvety, like a lovely lawn, forming a strange and striking contrast with the huge frowning giant which rears his thunder-riven brow on the Durham side; while to the left, we have looming up in the distance on the Yorkshire side, a huge mountain called Mickle Fell, in solitary grandeur kissing the passing clouds. This mountain, rising to an altitude of two thousand six hundred feet above the sea, stands in the extreme north-western angle of Yorkshire; and is the

Digitized by Google

loftiest of some thirty others, all of which rise more than two thousand feet above the sea, and are scattered along the Penine Chain, between Teesdale and the region of Ribblesdale, or Low Craven. On this mountain, at a height of 2,000 feet, a spring was found to have the temperature of 46°, on the third of September, 1851. Here, also, Mr. Backhouse found *Myosotis Snaveolens* flowering in abundance at the eastern extremity of its lofty limestone summit at the end of June.*

After viewing the waterfall, we climbed to the summit of Falcon Clint, and gazed with delight on the magnificent panorama. The landscape was beautified with picturesque glens, and broken by frowning crags; while, in the distance, might be seen cloud-crested mountains, whose bald and barren brows, catch "the first blush of morn, and the last lingering kiss of eve." Some of them were now veiled from our view by the fleecy clouds which reposed upon their lofty summits.

Here on these mountain heights, amid this glorious and magnificent amphitheatre of nature, "a mystic influence breathes through the soul, and invigorates the mind:" whilst the eye is filled with images of grandeur, beauty, and sublimity. On this theme, thus sweetly sings the poet Pollok—

"Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me
The solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hand of art, where nature sowed, herself,
And reaped her crops; whose garments were the clouds;

* Phillip's Yorkshire.

Digitized by Google

Whose minstrels, brooks; whose lamps, the moon
and stars;
Whose organ choir, the voice of many waters;
Whose banquets, morning dews; whose heroes,
storms;
Whose warriors, mighty winds; whose lovers,
flowers;
Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God;
Whose palaces, the everlasting hills;
Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue;
And from whose rocky turrets, battled high,
Prospect immense, spread out on all sides round,
Lost now between the welkin and the main,
Now walled with hills that slept above the storm."

Our time having at length expired, we left those gleaming peaks, shadowy crags, and cloud-crested heights to their ordinary solitude and silence, and turned our faces towards Westgate; but the superb panorama was photographed on my soul.

We reached home just as the sun was sinking down on his gorgeous cushions in the west, streaking the azure sky with vermillion and gold, and tinging the tops of the surrounding hills with his latest radiance—

"While behind him and around
Swept his azure mantle, bound
(As swell'd his burning bright attire,)
With fretted gold, and fringed with fire!"

After a hasty repast, and a copious ablution, I retired to my devotions, and, in secret, held sweet communion with my Heavenly Father; from thence we hastened to the sanctuary, and found it densely crowded. Our astonishment

Digitized by Google

was increased by the fact, that a popular pleasure fair was being held at the time at St. John's, not two miles distant. To this fair, the young men generally crowd; numbers of them throng the tavern, quaff the fiery intoxicating draught, and close the day amid blasphemous brawls, and pugilistic encounters. But in this instance, we were gratified to find that they had crowded to the house of God, instead of the temple of Bacchus. I preached with much freedom from the parable of The Prodigal Son; many hearts were affected; many eyes were suffused with tears; and I trust that deep and permanent impressions were made on many youthful minds.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13TH.

TO-DAY, in company with Mr. Race, I had a pleasant stroll as far as Brotherlee, a small village about a mile from Westgate. We passed a very interesting afternoon in company with Mr. Gibson, (the father of my colleague), and J. Muschamp, Esq., (the oldest Primitive Methodist in the dale). For very many years Mr. Muschamp has carefully preserved the most curious and useful statistics. Not a chapel has been erected, belonging to the Primitive Methodist Connexion, without his having obtained and preserved a correct account of the place where, and the time when, it was built; the number of sittings provided, the amount of money expended, &c.*

* He was consigned to the tomb on the 12th of April, 1858, having died with the pen in his hand. For years he

Digitized by Google

In the evening, I preached my last sermon at Westgate, to a densely crowded, and deeply affected, audience, from Jer. ii. 19. It was a solemn time; and we had reason to hope that many a heart was probed, and many a guilty conscience enlightened and aroused. At the close of the service we held a prayer-meeting, when two precious souls emerged "out of darkness into God's marvellous light;" peace took possession of the spirit, and joy filled the soul. O the importance and the blessedness of such a change! The Sacred Oracles define it, in ample and instructive variety of phrase, as a passing from darkness to light; from bondage to liberty; from death to life; from the power of Satan unto God; in short, as a new creation; for He who "spake as never man spake," distinctly declared,—"Ye must be born again." The importance of such a change was felt and acknowledged by the noble Earl Fitshardinge in his last moments. His dying testimony, in the hearing of Dr. Brown, of Cheltenham, was as follows:—"*Mine has been a lost life.* I had always thought religion was a melancholy thing, *but I now find that it is the only thing worth living for.* Here I am, a poor penitent sinner, clinging to the cross of Christ."* What a testimony against the world, and for the cross!

had been living in the enjoyment of God's favour; with Christ in his heart, heaven in his eye, and the world beneath his feet; consequently he was prepared for the summons; and we firmly believe that, to him, sudden death would be sudden glory.

* British Messenger, Dec. 1, 1857.

Digitized by Google

So far from religion being unfriendly to human happiness, it is the very thing, the only thing that can make man happy. Think of the blessings it conveys to the renewed soul. There is peace; peace with God, peace with Jesus, peace in the Holy Ghost, peace such as the world cannot give, and which the storms of calamity cannot disturb—a peace which passeth all understanding, "smooth as the brow of Jesus, and tranquil as the heart of God." There is hope, hope looking with radiant countenance towards things distant and unseen; standing on the tiptoe of expectation for the coming of the future good, and pointing with triumphant finger to the sky; hope, hope that darts away into the far distant world, and, like the diligent bee, gathers honey from those celestial flowers blooming on the banks of life's river, and thence returning to refresh and regale the weary spirit with angel's food. There is joy; a joy bursting from the renewed breast like a sparkling brook from a deep perennial spring, harmonious in its utterances as music breathed from angel's harps. There is purity, clad in its snow-white vestments, shrinking like the sensitive plant from the slightest touch of pollution; purity which preserves its possessor from all evil more surely than the broad shield of a celestial warrior, or the lightning point of a seraph's sword.* Such are the blessings enjoyed by those who have experienced the great change. The felicity attending this change has been thus beautifully described by one who,

* Foster's Temple Home.

Digitized by Google

after a long and painful struggle, was at length led to trust in Christ for salvation,—"O the unspeakable peace which then took possession of my soul; I have seen the dove, with panting breast and weary wing, dart into its nest after having been for hours exposed to the pelting storms; I have seen the ship escape from the fury of the gale, and drop anchor in the sheltered haven; I have heard of the prodigal's contrite gratitude as he sat, a forgiven penitent, at the home fireside; I have heard of the lover's frantic joy, when restored from the jaws of death, to the arms of his betrothed; I have observed how nature seemed to smile more benignantly, and to rejoice with greater joy, after the storm had passed away;—but none of these things will bear comparison with the peace, the calm repose, the feeling of perfect security, the holy joy with which my soul was filled." Such are the invaluable blessings brought to the soul by our holy christianity.

May God grant that the efforts we have been making here during the past week to propagate its principles, may be crowned with abundant success; that the seed sown may be watered with Divine dews, speedily germinate, and a glorious harvest of precious souls be the result.

Friday, September 14th.

This morning, with feelings of regret, I left this "land of the mountain and the flood," and bade adieu to those kind friends whose company

Digitized by Google

and hospitality I have shared during the last six days. I feel myself closely united in the bonds of christian affection to them; and feel assured that the remembrance of my sojourn amongst them will ever remain a bright spot on the map of my experience. May God grant that the friendships thus commenced on earth may be renewed, and for ever perpetuated in heaven!

Having reached Frosterly by coach, we took the train for Darlington, where we arrived by noon. On finding that the train for Malton would not be due of two hours, I went to the Polytechnic Institution, and there passed a very pleasant and profitable hour in examining the varied achievements of art. I now returned to the station, and took my seat in the train. A loud shriek from the whistle, and off we dashed.

> "Away! on the wings of the giant steam,
> Away! as swift as a morning dream."

At length, the rapid wheels paused at the Malton station, where we booked again for Driffield; and by seven o'clock in the evening, I found myself comfortably seated by "my ain fireside;" grateful to God for his protecting care. May life's journey be as happily ended, and our heavenly home as safely reached!

And now, gentle reader, I have given you a faint glimpse of northern scenery—only a glimpse, mark; not a picture. For, as Spencer T. Hall says: "Good faith, he who accom-

Digitized by Google

plishes the latter must have a more masterly hand than mine!" But you will go sometime, and have a look at it yourself, in person, won't you? I should like every careworn son of the town to enjoy an outing like this, at least once a year; for assuredly, if his mind be imbued with christian principles, it would make him a better man, both in soul and body, every time he indulged in it. It would make him so thankful to God for his existence—for creating such a wonderful and beautiful world, and giving him such a capacity to appreciate it, that he would turn every mound and rock into a shrine of thanksgiving and praise. He would, amid the fragments of a former world, and these pleasures of the present, involuntarily become prophetic of the future, and recognize in the discursive power of his own spirit one comforting evidence of its own immortal nature. He would also learn to imitate the bounty and goodness displayed around him, because his own heart would be leavened by their influence; and he would thence feel more at peace with himself and more in charity with all mankind. And having renovated his blood with health, by many and long inspirations of the pure mountain air, he would return to his home in new hope and joy; *otherwise, I am altogether mistaken in my man,* and he is not the one for whom I have penned these passing memorials. However, gentle reader, happy in believing that you *are* the individual described above, who can appreciate the beauties of nature, and be led thereby to adore

Digitized by Google

the God of nature, let me ask you before we part, to unite with me in fervently offering the poet's prayer :

"ETERNAL POWER! from whom all blessings flow,
Teach me still more to wonder, more to know;
Let all thy handiworks, where'er they be,
Uplift my soul in raptures unto THEE;
And let me ever, 'mid thy bounties, raise
An humble note of thankfulness and praise!"

HULL :
W. TESSEYMAN, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER,
SILVER STREET.

Digitized by Google

WORKS BY THE REV. J. SIMPSON.

SMILES AND TEARS; OR SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE. Price One Shilling.

OPINIONS :—

"Fresh, life-like, evangelical, and full of instruction."—*British Messenger.*

"Quite fascinating."—*Ambassador.*

"An admirable book."—*Rev. R. Parks.*

"A perfect gem."—*Rev. T. Greenbury.*

ALSO,

THE "PRODIGAL SON." Glazed Covers, Threepence; Cloth, Sixpence.

"A tale of thrilling interest."—*Rev. T. Greenbury.*

Digitized by Google

"MAN, THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD," ETC.

Extracts from Notices of the First Edition.

From the "BRITISH STANDARD."

"The Author of this very lively and pleasant volume has travelled to good purpose. He has a talent for observation and for description. The book, however, because small, must not be undertood as a light sketchy thing. It contains much that is solid, judicious, and instructive, and is withal pervaded by a fine Christian spirit."

From the Rev. W. Antliff,
Author of "Christianity in England," "The Protestant Reformation," &c.

"Your little work does you great credit—it is poetical and pious, intelligent and interesting. A more eloquent production I have seldom read."

From the Rev. G. F. Ryan, D.D., Author of "The Dialogist."

"I am now able fully to endorse the opinion of Dr. Campbell. I have read your little work, not only with pleasure, but with surprise. * * * I do not doubt that the work will have to pass through more than one edition, and I shall be very happy to see my opinion speedily confirmed."

From Professor Tyte, Classical Tutor at Masbro' College.

"The 'Discourse' is, as might have been expected from the preacher, clearly and fully evangelical. It illustrates the sentiment of the text in an interesting and varied manner, to which the author's reading in science, theology, and poetry, has been made richly subservient. The composition strikes one as that of a healthy and vigorous English intellect, sanctified by religion, and happily clear in its conceptions, and firm in its convictions of Divine truth, while it abounds, no less, in those indications of heartiness which win the sympathies both of readers and hearers.

"As to the style, perhaps most intelligent readers would complain of its being too diffuse and wanting repose. The

Digitized by Google

writer's tendency is to indulge too much in mere ornament. Still you are never offended with what seems like an attempt at fine writing: the redundant imagery which pervades the whole composition is evidently the natural outpouring of an active and fertile imagination, blended with that fresh, buoyant, happy, religious feeling which gives much of its charm to the work.

"The 'Notes' are really very pleasant reading, especially to those who know what the delight of rambling over moor and mountain is. Scenes of great beauty and grandeur are visited by the author, and are here very charmingly described. The traveller took with him a respectable amount of scientific knowledge, a heart not only at peace with itself but in unison with all that is beautiful in external nature, an eye quick to catch its varying features, and above all that devout spirit which finds a heightened charm in all natural beauty, from the habit of contemplating it as a manifestation of the Divine power and goodness.

"Taken altogether, the Author has produced a very entertaining and instructive little book, and one cannot but heartily wish it much success."

From the "WORKSOP NEWS."

"This work will be found worthy of a place in every man's library; particularly of those who admire the sublime and the beautiful. The subject is of general interest, and written in Mr. Greenbury's well-known flowery style; it abounds in the most beautiful and yet the most striking language, blended together in such eloquent strains, as to command the attention of the most fastidious reader. It is a painting soft and mellow; a panorama of nature, by an able artist. * * * We have no doubt but the work will command an extensive circulation."

From the Rev. James Parsons, of York.

"I cannot but give it a cordial recommendation; and only wish that my testimony may be useful in assisting the circulation of it.

"The 'Sermon' is comprehensive and impressive; and the 'Tour' is one, which for various reasons, must be read with much interest."

From the "METHODIST NEW CONNEXION MAGAZINE."

"This little work is lively, fervid, and eloquent; and if the imagination is somewhat too florid for some grave readers, yet it seems the luxuriance of nature, and is combined

Digitized by Google

with so much earnest piety, and bland generous feeling, that you cannot but love both the author and his work. His 'Notes' are sketchy and graphic, and his 'Rambles' daily finish with some act of piety or usefulness. He blends labour with pleasure. If he decends a mine in the morning, he ascends the pulpit in the evening; if he climbs the mountain top by day, he preaches to a crowd in the dale at night. If he plucks flowers or gathers curiosities amid nature's attractive scenes, you find him ere the day closes at a prayer-meeting, directing the penitent to Christ, and gathering goodly pearls to shine with immortal lustre. The little work will please, fascinate, and profit many readers."

From the Rev. T. Lowe,
Author of "The Pilot of the Galilean Lake," "The Folded Lamb and Gathered Lily," &c.

"We have read this beautiful work with unflagging interest. The 'Discourse' is a noble production, replete with vigorous, earnest, glorious thought. In the 'Rambles' we have some picturesque sketches, racy descriptions, sunny imagery, spirit stirring incidents, and thoughts pure and bright as sunbeams."

From the "CHRISTIAN AMBASSADOR."

"The 'Discourse,' on the Nobility of Man, placed at the beginning of this volume, is an able production, replete with instruction, overflowing with life, and sparkling throughout with eloquent sentiments eloquently expressed. The chief, the only fault, indeed, worth mentioning, is an excessive, a strained brilliancy of style. But this fault may be readily forgiven; first, in consideration of the host of printed sermons which consist solely of stale, flat, and unprofitable platitudes; and, secondly, in consideration of the author having just arrived at the age when fancy is in full flower. A few more years will suffice to solidify and temper his richly gifted mind.

"The 'Notes of a Visit to the North' which follow the 'Discourse,' and constitute the chief part of the volume, are marked by the characteristics of the author's mind,—intelligence, imagination, vivacity. The scenes visited are indeed familiar to our knowledge, but the brilliance of the author's fancy, the enthusiasm of his spirit, and his power of artistic combination, impart a charm to his descriptions which quite fascinates us. * * * When the author gets fairly among 'the moors and mountains, the mines and

Digitized by Google

waterfalls' of Weardale and Teesdale, he acquits himself admirably. His descriptions of 'Tees' Force' and 'Caldron Snout' are really very fine specimens of word-painting; but nothing has pleased us half so well as his exploration of 'the slit mine,' near Westgate. The involved labyrinths and the wondrous beauties of that murky region are as vividly described as if illumined with the light of noon. On the whole, this beautiful little book reflects great credit upon the ability and spirit of the author. We have read many a volume of foreign travels with less interest and less profit."

From "THE WESLEYAN TIMES."

"This is an interesting little volume. * * * The 'Discourse' abounds with passages of great force and poetic beauty. The 'Notes of a Visit to the North' prove the writer to be an attentive, observant, ardent admirer of the beauties of creation and of the progress of science, anxious to turn every object and every event to the best possible account; and, at the same time, intent on accomplishing the great object of his mission as a preacher. We thank him for his very interesting volume, and wish it an extensive circulation."

From "THE CHRISTIAN CABINET."

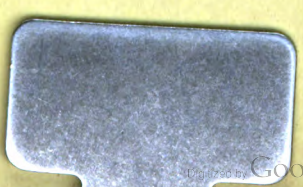
"It is a pretty book, and by persons fond of romantic scenery it will be read with ease and delight."

May be had of the AUTHOR, 17, Prospect-place, Drypool, Hull; of W. TESSEYMAN, 20, Silver-street, Hull; of THICKBROOM BROS., 31, Paternoster Row, London; of R. DAVIES, Sutton-street, Commercial Road, London; or of any of the PRIMITIVE METHODIST MINISTERS.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google


Digitized by Google